

Joseph A. Hensman
COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S

FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP,

More particularly designed for the Use of the
TABERNACLE and CHAPEL
CONGREGATIONS in LONDON.

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Late of Pembroke College, Oxford;

AND

Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Pf. xlvii. 7.

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P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER.

IF thou art acquainted with the Divine Life, I need not inform thee that altho' all the Acts and Exercises of Devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the Blessed Worshipers above more than when we are joining together in public Devotions, and with Hearts and Lips unfeigned, singing Praises to him who sitteth upon the Throne for ever. Consequently, Hymns composed for such a Purpose ought to abound much in Thanksgiving, and to be of such a Nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing Lies, or not sing at all.—Upon this Plan the following Collection of Hymns is founded:—They are intended purely for social Worship, and so altered in some Particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them.—They are short, because I think three or four Stanzas, with a Doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one Time. I am no great Friend to long Sermons, long Prayers, or long Hymns. They generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore I think should be avoided by those who preside in any public Worshipping Assembly. Besides, as the Generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the Poor of the Flock, I have studied Cheapness, as well as Conciseness.—Much in a little is what God gives us in his Word.—And the more we imitate such a Method in our public Performances and Devotions, the nearer we come up to the Pattern given us in the Mount.—I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of Dialogue for the Use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our Cathedral Churches; but much more so because the Celestial Choir is represented in the Book of the Revelations, answering one another in their heavenly Anthems. That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine Fire whilst singing below, and be translated after Death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest Prayer of, Courteous Reader,

Thy ready Servant, for Christ's Sake,

A 2

G. W.

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A H Y M N.

To the HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

COME HOLY GHOST, our Souls inspire,
And lighten with Celestial Fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'nfold Gifts impart.
Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love,
Enable with perpetual Light
The Dulness of our blinded Sight.
Anoint and chear our soiled Face,
With the Abundance of thy Grace.
Keep far our Foes, give Peace at Home!
Where thou art Guide, no Ill can come.
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And thee, of both to be but One;
That through the Ages all along,
This, this may be our endless Song;

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heav'nly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.



H Y M N S

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Rev. Seagrave.

H Y M N I.

At the Opening of Worship.

NOW may the Spirit's Holy Fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting Family inspire
With Joy, and Peace, and Love !

Thee we the Comforter confess :
Unless thou'rt present here,
Our Songs of Praise are vain Address,
We utter heartless Pray'r.

Wake heav'nly Wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping Field ;
Our Spices then shall breathe Perfume,
And fragrant Incense yield.

Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip
That shall proclaim thy Word,
And bid each awful Hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

B

Hasten the Restitution-Day,
Which now Corruption shrouds,
New Heav'ns and new Earth display,
With Jesus in the Clouds.

H Y M N II.

Watts The Same.

FAR from our Thoughts, vain World be gone,
Let our religious Hours alone ;
O may our Eyes our Saviour see ;
We wait a Visit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our Hearts with Holy Fire,
And kindle there a pure Desire,
Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious Fare !
How sweet thy Entertainments are !
Never did Angels taste above,
Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all Divine !
In thee thy Father's Glories shine :
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That Eyes have seen, or Angels known !

Wm. Hammond H Y M N III.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow ;
Oh ! do not our Suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

[3]

Lord, on thee our Souls depend ;
In Compassion now descend ;
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

In thine own appointed Way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay ;
Lord we know not how to go,
'Till a Blessing thou bestow ;
Send some Message from thy Word,
That may Joy and Peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the Time of Joy return :
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in Faith and Hope ;
Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God supremely kind :
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N IV.

Watts.

The Same.

COME worship at Immanuel's Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet ;
Words are too feeble to express
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

When shall we climb those higher Skies ?
Where Storms and Tempests never rise ;
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
And shines and reigns the God of Grace.

Nor Earth, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Stars,
 Nor Heaven, his full Resemblance bears ;
 His beauties we can never trace
 'Till we behold him Face to Face.

H Y M N V.

Invitation.

HITHER ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind,
 A fin disorder'd trembling Throng ;
 To you the Gospel calls, to you
 Messiah's Blessings all belong.

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons
 Derive no Blessings from this Tree :
 For Sinners only Jesus dy'd,
 Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our Grievs Messiah groan'd,
 'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd ;
 Our Punishment he took, he bore,
 And Sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,
 And join the blissful Choirs above :
 May nothing tune our future Song,
 But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love.

H Y M N VI.

Wesley The Same.

SINNERS, obey the GOSPEL-WORD,
 Haste to the Supper of our Lord ;
 Be wise to know your glorious Day,
 All Things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kifs his late Returning Son ;
Ready the loving Saviour ftands,
And fpreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Juft now the ftoney Heart to move ;
T' apply, and Witnefs with the Blood,
And wafh, and feal you Sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your bleft Eftate ;
Tuning their Harps they long to praife
The Wonders of Redeeming Grace.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your Lord,
To Happinefs in Chrift reftor'd :
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of GOSPEL-GRACE.

H Y M N VII.

Watts The Same.

LET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the GOSPEL founds
With an inviting Voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry ftarving Souls,
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly ftrove with earthly Toys
To fill an empty Mind :

Eternal Wifdom hath prepar'd
A Soul-reviving Feaft;
And bids our longing Appetites,
The rich Provision tafte.

Ho ! ye that pant for living Streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging Thirst
 With Springs that never dry.

Dear God, the Treasures of thy Love,
 Are everlasting Mines,
 Deep as our helpless Mis'ries are,
 And boundless as our Sins.

The happy Gates of GOSPEL-GRACE,
 Stand open Night and Day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,
 And drive our Wants away.

H Y M N VIII.

Watts. Thanksgiving.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
 Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad ;
 Let all the Pow'rs within me join
 In Work and Worship so divine.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace ;
 His Favours claim thy highest Praise :
 Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in Silence and forgot ?

'Tis he, my Soul, that sent his Son
 To die for Crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the Ransom, and forgives
 The hourly Follies of our Lives.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs ;
 His Mercy crowns our growing Years :

He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace :
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In Work and Worship so divine.

H Y M N IX.

Watts The Same.

MY Soul repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great ;
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread ;
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel :
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning Flow'r ;
If one sharp Blast sweeps o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions Lord,
To endless Years endure ;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promise sure.

Watts H Y M N X.

God's Goodness to his People.

THE Lord supplies his People's Need,
 Jehovah is his Name ;
 In Pastures fresh he makes them feed
 Beside the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
 When they forsake his Ways,
 And leads them for his Mercy's sake,
 In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
 His Presence is their Stay ;
 A Word of his supporting Breath
 Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
 Doth still their Table spread ;
 Their Cup with Blessings overflows,
 His Oil anoints their Head.

The sure Provisions of our God,
 Attend us all our Days :
 O may his House be our Abode,
 And all our Work his Praise !

H Y M N XI.

Watts Morning Worship.

O Lord, how many are our Foes
 In this weak State of Flesh and Blood !
 Our Peace they daily discompose,
 But our Defence and Hope is God,

Tir'd with the Burthens of the Day,
 To thee we rais'd an Ev'ning Cry ;
 Thou heard'st when we began to pray,
 And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,
 We laid us down and slept secure ;
 Not Death should make our Hearts afraid,
 Though we should sleep and rise no more.

But God sustain'd us all the Night !
 Salvation doth to God belong :
 He rais'd our Head to see the Light,
 And he shall have our Morning Song.

H Y M N XII.

The Same.

RISE our Souls to praise the Care
 Of Jesus true and good :
 Sing to him whose Robes appear
 As newly dipt in Blood :
 By his Pow'r we live to see
 The Dawning of another Day ;
 Farther favour'd may we be,
 When here no more we stay ;

O may we in Righteousness,
 In Jesu's Arms awake !
 And the Joys the Saints possess,
 With them ere long partake :
 With our common Father fit,
 And in his heav'nly Kingdom praise,
 (Bowing down before his Feet)
 The Riches of his Grace.

H Y M N XIII.

The Same.

COME, let us adore
The Lord's gracious Hand,
(Our Great GOVERNOR)
Who gave a Command
And Charge to his Angels
To watch round our Bed,
To guard us from Evils,
From Dangers and Dread.

Our Shepherd alone
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on the Throne
The Prince of our Peace ;
Who ever more saves us
By shedding his Blood ;
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God !

We daily will sing
Thy Merits, thy Praise,
Thou merciful Spring
Of Pity and Grace :
Thy Kindness for ever
To Men we will tell ;
And say, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from Hell.

Preserve us in Love,
While here we abide ;
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide,
Thy glorious Salvation ;
'Till joyful we see
The beautiful Vision
Completed in thee.

H Y M N XIV.

Wesley. The Same.

CHRIST, whose Glory fills the Skies ;
 Christ, the true, the only Light :
 Sun of Righteousness arise,
 Triumph o'er the Shades of Night ;
 Day-Spring from on high be near,
 Day-Star in our Hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the Morn,
 Unaccompany'd by thee ;
 Joyless is the Day's Return,
 'Till thy Mercy's Beams we see.
 Lord, thy inward Light impart,
 Glad our Eyes, and warm each Heart.

Visit ev'ry Soul of thine,
 Pierce the Gloom of Sin and Grief,
 Fill with Radiancy divine,
 Scatter all our Unbelief :
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect Day.

H Y M N XV.

Evening Worship.

THE Saviour who kept us To-day,
 The Lamb who takes our Sins away,
 Our thankful Souls shall bless ;
 Thou worthy art, O Son of God,
 Of endless Praise ; for in thy Blood
 Saints sweetly rest in Peace.

We'll lay us down, and thou, our Lord,
With all thy Angels us will guard ;
Our Souls to thee we trust ;
Thou shalt (for thou art able) keep
Our Souls among the Fellowship
Of Saints through thee made just.

H Y M N XVI.

John Mason. The Same.

NOW, from the Altar of our Hearts,
Let Incense Flames arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our Evening Sacrifice.

Awake our Love, awake our Joy,
Awake our Heart and Tongue ;
Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a Song.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this Day ;
Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
Do a new Song require ;
'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Except our Heart's Desire.

Lord of our Time, whose Hand hath set
New Time upon our Score ;
Thee may we praise for all our Time,
When Time shall be no more !

H Y M N XVII.

Morning or Evening.

O God, how endless is thy Love,
 Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new ;
 And Morning Mercies, from above,
 Gently distil like early Dew.

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
 Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours ;
 Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light,
 And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
 To thee we consecrate our Days ;
 Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand
 Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

H Y M N XVIII.

On the LORD's DAY.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the Hours his own :
 Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
 And Praise surround the Throne.

To-day Christ rose, and left the Dead,
 And Satan's Empire fell ;
 To-day the Saints his Triumphs spread,
 And all his Wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son ;
 Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
 Salvation from thy Throne.

Hofanna, in the higheft Strains
The Church on Earth can raife !
The higheft Heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler Praise.

H Y M N XIX.

Watts

The Same.

WELCOME, sweet Day of Rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving Breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing Eyes !

The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his Saints To-day :
Here we may fit, and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

One Day amidſt the Place
Where our dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand Days,
Of pleaſurable Sin.

Bid, Lord, our Souls to ſtay
In ſuch a Frame as this ;
And when thou call'ſt for them away,
Waſt them to endleſs Blifs.

H Y M N XX.

Watts

The Same.

SWEET is the Work, O God, our King,
To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks, and ſing :
To ſhew thy Love by Morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth by Night.

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
No mortal Care should seize our Breast ;
O may our Hearts in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp of solemn Sound !

Our Hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy Work, and bless thy Word ;
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy Counsels ! how divine !

O may we see, and hear, and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below :
May all our Pow'rs find sweet Employ
In Christ's eternal World of Joy.

H Y M N XXI.

Watts

Longing for the House of God.

LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are !
To his Abode,
My Soul, aspire,
With warm Desire,
To see thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there !
They praise Christ still ;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears,
O glorious Seat !
Our God and King,
Us thither bring,
To kiss thy Feet !

The Lord his People loves :
His Hand no Good withholds,
From those his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls,
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in thee !

H Y M N XXII.

Watts The Same.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !
The new-born Soul both longs and fairs
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace !
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Zion's Gate ;
God is their Strength, and through the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.

Oh may we walk with growing Strength,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n at length :
'Till all before Christ's Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there !

Walter H Y M N XXIII.

Offices of C H R I S T.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Power,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore :
All are too mean
To speak his Worth,
Too mean to set
Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms ;
What condescending Ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly Grace !
My Soul, with Joy
And Wonder see
What Forms of Love
He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our Tongues would bless thy Name !
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came ;
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

Jesus our great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;
Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside :

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqu'ror, and our King ;
Thy Scepter, and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace we sing.

Thine is the Pow'r ;
O may we fit,
In willing Bonds,
Beneath thy Feet !

H Y M N XXIV.

Watts The Same.

AR-RAY'D in mortal Flesh,
Christ like an Angel stands,
And holds the Promises
And Pardons in his Hands.

Commission'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern, and our Guide !
And through this desert Land
Still keep us near thy Side !

O let our Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way !

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,
Whose watchful Eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring Souls among
The Thousands of his Sheep.

He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Bosom bears
The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
My Soul commend thy Cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws :

Believing Souls
Now free are set ;
For Christ hath paid
Their dreadful Debt.

Their Advocate appears,
For their Defence on high,
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by :
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.

Then let our Souls arise,
And tread the Tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.

Watts H Y M N XXV.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness,
Sanctification, and Redemption.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night,
We lie, till Christ restores the Light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the atoning Blood appears ;
Then they awake from deep Distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains :
He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in thee possess
Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to thee ! !

H Y M N XXVI.

Watts The Same.

HOW heavy is the Night,
That hangs upon our Eyes,
'Till Christ with his reviving Light,
Over our Souls arise !

Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n !
But in his Righteousness array'd,
We see our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways;
His Hands infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain ;
He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the cursed Chain.

Lord, we adore thy Ways
That bring us near to God ;
Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

Dryden H Y M N XXVII.
To the HOLY GHOST.

CREATOR Spirit by whose Aid
The World's Foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry waiting Mind,
Come pour thy Joys on Human Kind ;
From Sin and Sorrow set us free,
And make us Temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated Heat,
The Fathers promis'd Paraclete !
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our Hearts with heav'nly Love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Create all new, our Wills controul,
Subdue the Rebel in our Soul ;
Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
And Peace, the Fruit of Faith, bestow,
And least again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in thy Way.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name :
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee !

H Y M N XXVIII.

Wesley. The Same.

COME, Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire,
Let us thine Influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic Fire,
Fountain of Life and Love.

Come Holy Ghost, (for mov'd by thee
The holy Prophets spoke)
Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred Book.

Expand thy Wings, prolific Dove,
Brood o'er our Nature's Night ;
On our disorder'd Spirits move,
And let there now be Light,

God thro' himself we then shall know,
If thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all thy Saints below,
The Depths of Love divine.

H Y M N XXIX.

Watts. The Same.

WHY should the Children of a King,
Go mourning all their Days ?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some Tokens of thy Grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy Saints,
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n ?
When wilt thou banish our Complaints,
And shew our Sins forgiv'n ?

Affure each Conscience of its Part
In the Redeemer's Blood,
And bear thy Witness in each Heart,
That it is born of God.

Thou art the Earnest of his Love,
The Pledge of Joys to come ;
May thy blest Wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey us home !

H Y M N XXX.

Watts. CHRIST's Birth.

THE King of Glory sends his Son,
To make his Entrance on this Earth :
Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
An heav'nly Host declare his Birth !

About the young Redeemer's Head !
What Wonders and what Glories meet !
An unknown Star arose, and led
The eastern Sages to his Feet.

Simeon and Anna both conspire,
The infant Saviour to proclaim :
Inward they felt the sacred Fire,
And blest'd the Babe, and own'd his Name.

Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with Scorn ;
Our Souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

H Y M N XXXI.

Wesley.

The same.

HARK the Herald-Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies ;
Nature rise and worship him,
Who was born at Bethlehem.

Christ by highest Heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord ;
Late in Time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Son of Righteousness !
Light and Life around he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born that Men no more may die ;
Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born to give them second Birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy heav'nly Home ;
Rise the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeness now efface,
Stamp thy Image in its Place ;
Second Adam from above,
Work it in us by thy Love.

H Y M N XXXII.

The Same.

WHAT good News the Angels bring !
What glad Tidings of our King !
Christ the Lord is born To-day,
Christ who takes our Sins away ;
He who rules in Heav'n and Earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his Birth ;
Him shall all his People see,
And rejoice eternally.

Lift your Hearts and Voices high,
With Hosannas fill the Sky ;
Glory be to God above !
God is infinite in Love !
Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men !
Now with us our God is seen :
Angels join with us in Praise,
Help us sing Redeeming Grace.

Now the Wall is broken down,
 Now the Gospel is made known :
 Now the Door is open wide,
 Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd,—
 All who feel the Weight of Sin,
 All who languish to be clean,
 All who for Redemption groan,
 May be sav'd by Faith alone.

Jesus is the lovely Name,
 'Tis the Angels doth proclaim ;
 He shall all his People save,
 They in him Remission have ;
 When they see themselves undone,
 They take Refuge in the Son ;
 They shall all be born again,
 And with him in Glory reign.

Shout ye Nations of the Earth,
 Sing the Triumphs of his Birth :
 All the World is by him blest :
 Sound his Praise from East to West.
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,
 Christ our common Lord and King ;
 Christ our Life, our Joy, our Song,
 To Eternity prolong.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Wesley. The Same.

FATHER, our Hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious Throne,
 And bless thee for the precious Gift,
 Of thine incarnate Son :

The Gift unspeakable,
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the World thy Goodness tell !
 O may we to thee live !

Jesus, the holy Child,
 Doth by his Birth declare,
 That God and Man are reconcil'd,
 And one in him we are.
 Salvation thro' his Name,
 To lost Mankind is given,
 And loud his infant Cries proclaim
 A Peace 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

A Peace on Earth he brings,
 Which never more shall end ;
 The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings,
 Declares himself our Friend ;
 Assumes our Flesh and Blood,
 That we his Sp'rit may gain,
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal Son of Man.

O may we all receive
 The new-born Prince of Peace,
 And meekly in his Spirit live,
 And in his Love increase !
 'Till he conveys us Home,
 Cry ev'ry Soul aloud,
 Come, thou Desire of Nations, come,
 And take us all to God.

H Y M N XXXIV.

The Circumcision of CHRIST.

SEE, my Soul, with Wonder see
 The incarnate Deity ;

Human Nature he assumes,
He to ransom Sinners comes,
He was not conceiv'd in Sin,
He was infinitely clean :
Him no sinful Spot disguis'd,
Yet, lo ! he was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteousness,
Standing in our legal Place,
From the Cradle to the Cross,
All he did he did for us.
He did all our Woes retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live ;
By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,
By his Blood our Peace is seal'd.

Jesu's Pain procures our Ease,
Jesu's Death is our Release :
Jesu's Cross obtain's our Crown,
Jesu's Sepulchre our Throne.
Lord, conform us to thy Death ;
Bid our Sins yield up their Breath ;
By thy Resurrection's Pow'r,
Make our Souls to Glory soar.

Circumcise our filthy Hearts,
Purify our inward Parts ;
Lord, destroy the carnal Mind,
That in thee we Peace may find ;
In thy Righteousness array'd,
Let us triumph, and be glad ;
Let us walk with thee in White,
'Till we see thy Face in Light.

Watts H Y M N XXXV.

CHRIST's Compassion for the Tempted.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
 His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble Frame ;
 He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the ſame.

He in the Days of feeble Fleſh,
 Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
 And in his Meaſure feels aſreſh,
 What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
 But raiſe it to a Flame ;
 The bruifed Reed he never breaks,
 Nor ſcorns the meanest Name.

Then, let our humble Faith addreſs
 His Mercy, and his Pow'r ;
 We ſhall obtain delivering Grace
 In the diſtreſſing Hour.

H Y M N XXXVI.

Wesley CHRIST's Compassion.

YE that paſs by, behold the Man,
 The Man of Grief condemn'd for you,
 The Lamb of God for Sinners ſlain,
 Weeping to Calvary purſue.

His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,
With Nails they fasten to the Wood—
His sacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his Blood.

See there ! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,
His bleeding Hands extended wide,
His streaming Feet transfixt and torn,
The Fountain gushing from his Side.

Oh, thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy Heart to Sinners move !
Help us to catch thy precious Blood,
Help us to taste thy dying Love.

The Earth could to her Center quake,
Convuls'd while her Creator dy'd !
O may our inmost Nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd !

At thy last Gasp, the Graves display'd
Their Horrors to the upper Skies ;
O that our Souls might burst the Shade,
And, quicken'd by thy Death, arise !

The Rocks could feel thy pow'rful Death,
And tremble, and asunder part ;
O rend with thy expiring Breath
The harder Marble of our Heart !

H Y M N XXXVII.

Watts CHRIST's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a Tune of lofty Praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son ;

Awake my Voice in heav'nly Lays,
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful Earth,
He came to raise our Nature high ;
He came t' atone Almighty Wrath,
Jesus the God was born to die.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,
Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay ;
Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And rose to everlasting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of shining Grace :
See what immortal Glories sit
Round the sweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongst a thousand Harps and Songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns :
O may his Praise fill all our Tongues,
And echo to the heav'nly Plains.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Watts. The Same.

WHAT equal Honour shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb?
Since all the Notes that Angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name !

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd ;
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's Side.

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar ;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.

Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of Scandal, and of Scorn ;
 While Glory shines around his Head,
 And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore our Sins, and Curse, and Pain ;
 Let Angels sound his sacred Name,
 And every Creature say Amen !

H Y M N XXXIX.

Hammond

CHRIST's Resurrection.

JESUS, who dy'd a World to save,
 Revives and rises from the Grave,
 By his Almighty Pow'r ;
 From Sin, and Death, and Hell set free,
 He Captive leads Captivity,
 And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour cloath'd with Majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the Tomb :
 Give o'er your Griefs, cast off your Fears,
 In Heav'n your Mansions he prepares,
 And soon will take you Home.

His Church is still his Joy and Crown,
 He looks with Love and Pity down,
 On her he did Redeem ;

He tastes her Joys, he feels her Woes,
And prays that she may spoil her Foes,
And ever reign with him.

O may we all from Sin awake,
May all in Heav'n our Places take,
Near our exalted Head !
May all our Souls to Heav'n aspire,
In Thought, in Will, in strong Desire,
To carnal Pleasures dead.

H Y M N XL.

Wesley juv. The Same.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in Blood no more :
Adore the Scatterer of your Fears,
Your rising God adore.

The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes :
He breaks again the Bands of Death.
Again the Dead arise !

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,
Alone the Wine-press trod :
He dy'd and suffer'd as a Man,
He rises as a God.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Rise
To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradise.

H Y M N XLI.

C. Wesley. CHRIST'S Ascension.

CLAP your Hands, ye People all,
Praise the God on whom ye call ;
Lift your Voice, and shout his Praise,
Triumph in his sovereign Grace.

Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his Seat above the Sky ;
Shout the Angel-Choirs aloud,
Echoing to the Trump of God !

Sons of Men, the Triumph join,
Praise him with the Hosts divine ;
Emulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love ;
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King ?

Pow'r is all to Jesus given,
Pow'r o'er Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n ;
Jesus, Power to us impart,
Then we'll praise with all our Heart.

H Y M N XLII.

Watts. The Same.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloath'd himself in Clay,
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away !

Death is no more the King of Dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose ;
 He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
 And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,
 And Triumph in his Eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters Blessings down ;
 Our Jesus fills the middle Seat
 Of the celestial Throne.

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
 To reach his blest'd Abode,
 Sweet be the Accents of our Songs
 To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels strike their loudest Strings,
 Your sweetest Voices raise ;
 Let Heav'n, and all created Things,
 Sound our Immanuel's Praise.

H Y M N XLIII.

Wesley. The Same.

HAIL the Day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes ;
 Christ a while to Mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native Heav'n.
 There the pompous Triumph waits,
 " Lift your Heads, eternal Gates !
 " Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
 " Take the King of Glory in."

Circl'd round with Angel-Pow'rs,
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
 Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,
 Take the King of Glory in.
 Him though highest Heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves ;
 Though returning to his Throne,
 Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above ;
 See, he shews the Prints of Love ;
 Hark ! his gracious Lips bestow
 Blessings on his Church below ;
 Still for us he interceeds,
 Prevalent his Death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our Place,
 Harbinger of Human Race.

Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our Head To-day,
 See thy faithful Servants see !
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, though parted from our Sight,
 High above yon azure Height,
 Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the Wings of Love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after Home !
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless Reign ;
 There thy Face unclouded see,
 Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee !

H Y M N XLIV.

Watts CHRIST'S Intercession.

WELL! the Redeemer's gone
 T' appear before our God,
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
 With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Vengeance now,
 No burning Wrath comes down;
 If Justice calls for Sinners Blood,
 The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's Eye,
 Our humble Suit he moves;
 The Father lays his Thunder by,
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful Tongues
 Our Maker's Honours sing:
 Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,
 And bears 'em to the King.

H Y M N XLV.

Watts The Same.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats,
 Where your Redeemer stays;
 Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
 And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
 And shed his vital Blood:
 Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
 And then arose to God.

E

Petitions now, and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Off'rings bring ;
The Priest with his own Sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

Ten thousand Praises to the King,
Hosanna in the high't !
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.

H Y M N XLVI.

Wm. Hammond Praising CHRIST.

' **A** WAKE, and sing the Song
Of Moses, and the Lamb ;
Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose Sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts
Ascending with our Tongues,
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspires our Songs.

Sing 'till we hear Christ say,
" Your Sins are all forgiv'n."
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n.

H Y M N XLVII.

The Same.

COME, my Brethren, H^r'el's Race,
And hear me bless my King ;
Hear me my Beloved praise,
My Jesus do I sing :
Neither hear my Song alone,
But help, O help me, to proclaim
Jesus, our Creator's Son ;
Jesus ! that lovely Name.

Others sing their Time away,
Who Jesus never knew :
Ought not we to pass our Day
In Joy and Singing too ?
Others have they Cause to bless ?
The Children of the King have more :
They have Christ, their Righteousness !
Their Glory, Peace and Pow'r.

Bow thy Throne, thou Son of God !
And with a living Coal
From the Altar, stain'd with Blood,
Inspire each drowsy Soul.
Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can shew,
Or fully who can sing thy Praise ?
Lord, we fail in Hymns below,
Teach ! teach us heav'nly Lays.

Alto. H Y M N XLVIII.

CHRIST worshipped by all his Creatures.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne :

Ten thousand thousands are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was slain for us !

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine ;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XLIX.

The Same.

SURE thy Name is Wonderful
Counsellor, the mighty God,
Whom the heav'nly Hosts adore,
Praise we thro' the Earth abroad.

Thou the Godhead bearing down,
To the Sight of mortal Man,
Flesh in Form, and God in Pow'r,
Suited art to all thy Plan.

Center'd in thy lovely Face,
Judgment, Mercy, both appear,
All the Father's Honour meet,
All his Glory triumphs here.

Wonderfully form'd to raise,
Adam's fallen, helpless Race,
Form'd to purchase, and secure,
For thy People, boundless Grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,
Thou the Priest foretold to rise :
Thou the Sacrificer art,
Thou too art the Sacrifice.

Lamb of God, that once was slain,
Bleeding on the painful Tree,
Risen and ascended high,
We adore thy Majesty.

Wonderful art thou in Pow'r,
Wonderful art thou in Love ;
Be thou all our Theme below,
Be thou all our Heav'n above !—Hallelujah.

H Y M N L.

Wesley. The same.

YE Servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name ;
The Name all victorious
Of Jesus extoll ;
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh,
His Presence we have.

The great Congregation
His Triumph shall sing,
Ascribing Sàlvation
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God,
Who sits on the Throne :
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son.
Our Jesus's Praises
The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their Faces,
And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
And give him his Right,
All Glory and Pow'r
And Wisdom and Might :
All Honour and Blessing,
With Angels above,
And Thanks never ceasing,
And infinite Love.

H Y M N LI.

TE DEUM.

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praise
Thy Goodness and Pow'r,
Thou God of all Grace !
With Honour and Blessing,
Before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
Thee Father of all,

The Heav'ns and Earth,
 And Water, and Air,
 To thee owe their Birth,
 Substist by thy Care ;
 While Angels are singing
 Thy Praises above,
 We Mortals are bringing
 Our Tribute of Love.

Thou, Saviour, art one,
 With God the Supreme,
 His eternal Son,
 And equal with him :
 Invested with Glory,
 On high dost thou sit,
 While Angels adore thee,
 And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love !
 How wond'rous thy Grace !
 Thou cam'st from above
 To save a lost Race :
 And Man to deliver,
 Of Mary wast born,
 That ev'ry Believer
 To God might return.

How soon will thy Seat
 Of Judgment appear !
 Prepare us to meet,
 And welcome Thee there.
 Thy witnessing Spirit
 In us shed abroad,
 And bid us inherit
 The Kingdom of God.

The Father and Son,
 And Spirit agree,
 To constitute One
 Compleat Deity :
 Sweet Jesus, thy Merit
 Makes our Peace with God,
 And by thy good Spirit
 Fallen Souls are renew'd.

H Y M N LII.

Watts

To the TRINITY.

BLEST be the Father, and his Love,
 To whose celestial Source we owe
 Rivers of endless Joys above,
 And Hills of Comfort here below !

Glory to Thee, great Son of God ;
 Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
 A precious Stream of vital Blood,
 Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the sacred Spirit Praise,
 Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
 Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
 And into boundless Glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, we adore,
 That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
 Without a Bottom or a Shore.

H Y M N LIII.

J. Wesley, junr The Same.

HAIL holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless Praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three !

Inthron'd in everlasting State,
E'er Time its Round began,
Who join'd in Council to create,
The Dignity of Man.

All that the Name of Creature owns,
To Thee in Hymns aspire ;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir !

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless Praise to thee ;
Supreme, essential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three !

H Y M N LIV.

Watts. The Same.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our Tongues,
Sinners from his free Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

Ye Saints employ your Breath,
In Honour to the Son ;
Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By off'ring up his own.

Give to the Spirit Praise,
Of an immortal Strain ;
Whose Light, and Pow'r, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.

While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The same Record within !

To the great One and Three,
That seal the Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

H Y M N LV.

Watts. The Same.

WE give immortal Praise
To God the Father's Love ;
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe.
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To God the Spirit's Name,
Immortal Worship give :
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live.
His Work compleats
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty God to thee
Be endless Honours done ;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One !
Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs,
Their Faith prevails
And Love adores.

H Y M N LVI.

Watts The Same.

TO him that chose us first,
Before the World began :
To him that bore the Curse
To save rebellious Man :
To him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endless Praise
And Glory due.

The Father's Love shall run
Thro' our immortal Songs !
We bring to God, the Son,
Hosannas on our Tongues.
Our Lips address
The Spirit's Name,
With equal Praise
And Zeal the same.

Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One !
Thus Heav'n shall raise
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

Watts H Y M N LVII.

Angels praise the Lord.

THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

Ye Angels great in Might,
And swift to do his Will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright Hosts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing.

While all his wond'rous Works
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shall sing his Graces too.

H Y M N LVIII.

The Brazen Serpent.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,
When Is'el's mourning Tribes com-
(plain'd,

Robt. Beagrove.

And sigh'd to be reliev'd,
A Serpent strait the Prophet made,
Of molten Braſs to View diſplay'd,
The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But, Oh, what Healing to the Heart,
Does Jeſu's greater Croſs impart,
To thoſe who ſeek a Cure !
Iſr'al of old, and we no leſs,
The ſame indulgent Grace confeſs,
Whiſt Life and Breath endure.

To Reaſon's View, ſo ſtrange Effect,
Self-righteous Souls will ſtill reject,
And periſh in their Pride !
Not ſo the ſtung with Sin and Law,
Theſe all their rich Salvation draw
From Jeſu's bleeding Side.

May we then view the matchleſs Croſs,
And other Objects count but Loſs,
No other Gain explore ;
Here ſtill be fix'd our feaſted Eyes,
Teaming with Tears of glad Surprize,
And thankfully adore !

Hail great Immanuel, balmy Name !
Thy Praise the Ransom'd will proclaim,
Thee we Phyſician call ;
We own no other Cure but thine,
Thou the Deliverer divine,
Our Health, our Life, our All.

H Y M N LIX.

Watts

God made Man.

O Lord our God, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heav'nly State,
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

When we behold thy Work on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Those moving Worlds of Light.

Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with Grace,
And love his Nature so !

That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To save a dying Worm !

Jesus, our Lord how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heav'nly State,
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

H Y M N LX.

Watts

Faith in CHRIST.

HOW sad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it's stains ;
And Satan binds our captive Souls
Fast in his slavish Chains.

But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace,
Sounds from God's sacred Word :
Ho ! ye despairing Sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty Call,
And run to this Relief !
We would believe thy Promise, Lord,
O help our Unbelief !

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly :
There may we wash our spotted Souls
From Crimes of deepest dye !

Stretch out thy Arm victorious King,
Our reigning Sins subdue ;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With his infernal Crew.

Poor, guilty, weak and helpless Worms,
Into thy Hands we fall ;
Be thou our Strength and Righteousness,
Our Jesus, and our All !

H Y M N LXI.

Wesley altered Thanksgiving.

MEET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King :
Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,
To rehearse his solemn Praise.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
Angels help the chearful Sound ;

Publish thro' the World abroad,
Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our Thanks receive ;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's Name :
Saviour, thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord and God confess.

H Y M N LXII.

Wesley.

Therefore with Angels, &c.

LORD and God of heav'nly Pow'rs,
Theirs——yet oh benignly ours ;
Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chaunt thy Name.

Thee to laud in Songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join ;
We with them our Voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal Praise.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by Heaven and Earth ador'd ;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high !

Wesley.

H Y M N LXIII.

Glory be to God on high, &c.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose Glory fills the Sky ;

Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of Heav'n.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad thine Attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail by all thy Works ador'd,
Hail the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful Hearts we prove,
Lord of Pow'r, and God of Love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
Saviour of offending Man.

Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy Blood ;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement thou !

Hear ; for thou, O Christ, alone ;
With thy gracious Sire, art one,
One the Holy Ghost, with thee,
One supreme eternal Three.

H Y M N LXIV.

St. Seagrave. It is finished.

THIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head ;
Whilst we this Sentence scan :
Come, Sinners, and observe the Word,
Behold the Conquests of our Lord,
Compleat for helpless Man,

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
 Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace ;
 Their mighty Debt is paid ;
 Accusing Law, cancell'd by Blood,
 And Wrath of an offended God,
 In sweet Oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second Claim ?
 The Law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a Release can shew :
 Justice itself a Friend appears,
 The prison-house a Whisper hears,
 Loose him, and let him go.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar !
 Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
 'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry Cry.

His Toil, divinely finish'd stands,
 But ah ! the Praise his Word demands ;
 Careful may we attend !
 Conclusion to our Souls be this,
 Because Salvation finish'd is,
 Our Thanks shall never end.

H Y M N LXV.

Watts.

Adoption.

BEHOLD what wond'rous Grace,
 The Father hath bestow'd
 On Sinners of a mortal Race,
 To call them Sons of God.

Nor doth it yet appear,
How great they will be made ;
But when they see their Saviour here,
Saints shall be like their Head.

A Hope so much divine,
May Trials well endure ;
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

O Lord, if in thy Love
We share a filial Part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
To rest upon each Heart.

Suffer us not to lie
Like Slaves before thy Throne ;
Let each now, Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the Kindred own.

H Y M N LXVI.

Watts.

Enjoyment of CHRIST.

LORD, what a Heav'n of saving Grace !
Shines thro' the Beauties of thy Face,
O light our Passions to a Flame !
Then shall we love thy charming Name.

Then will a Scene of sacred Joy,
Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employ ;
Then shall we long to gaze away,
A long and everlasting Day.

Send Comforts, Lord, from thy Right Hand,
While we pass thro' this barren Land ;

And in the Temple let us see
A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of thee.

Watts H Y M N LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of CHRIST.

NOW to the Lord, a noble Song ;
Awake my Soul, awake my Tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim !

See where it shines in Jesu's Face !
The brightest Image of his Grace ;
God in the Person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest Works out done.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme !
Exult, my Soul, at Jesu's Name !
Ye Angels dwell upon the Sound :
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground !

Oh that we all may reach the Place,
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And sing his Name to Harps of Gold !

H Y M N LXVIII.

Robt. Segrave Looking to JESUS.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his Throne !
His Labours are o'er,
His Conquests put on ;
A Kingdom is giv'n
Into our Lamb's Hand,

In Earth and in Heav'n,
For ever to stand.

Ye Sinners below
Then trust in the Lord,
Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word :
Athirst for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy ever more !

H Y M N LXIX.

Watts. First and second Adam.

DEEP in the Dust, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own :
Great God, we own th' unhappy Name,
Whence sprung our Nature, and our Shame.

But whilst our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of thy Law,
We sing the Honours of thy Grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd Race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own ;
Adam, the second, from the Dust
Raises the Ruins of the first.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life ; there glorious Grace
Reigns tho' the Lord our Righteousness.

H Y M N LXX.

Watts

Salvation.

SALVATION ! O the joyful Sound !
What Pleasure to our Ears ?
A Sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

Buried in Sorrow, and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay !
O may we rise by Grace divine,
And see a heav'nly Day !

Salvation ! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

H Y M N LXXI.

Watts

CHRIST'S Victory over Satan.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !
The Prince of Darkness flies ;
His Troops rush headlong down to Hell,
Like Light'ning from the Skies.

There bound in Chains the Lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd Sheep !
But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And Malice to the Deep.

Hosanna to our conqu'ring King !
All hail, incarnate Love !
Ten thousand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

Thy Vict'ries, and thy deathly Fame,
Thro' the wide World shall run ;
And everlasting Ages sing
The Triumphs thou hast won.

H Y M N LXXII.

Watts A blessed GOSPEL.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound,
Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Watts Before Prayer.

SING to the Lord, Jehovah's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice :
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's King.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious Hand :
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come kneel before his Face :
May we the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace !

Watts H Y M N LXXIV.

The Church is God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait,
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,
Or stand attending at his Gate.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good,
To praise his Name is sweet employ ;
Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his Love,
People and Priests exalt his Name ;
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jerusalem.

H Y M N LXXV.

Watts Praising God.

GIVE Thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of Kings,
And be his Grace ador'd.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And spread the Heav'ns alone.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He saw the Nations lie,
All perishing in Sin,
And pity'd the sad State,
The ruin'd World was in,
Thy Mercy Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same,
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

H Y M N LXXVI.

Watts

The Same.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord,
Eternal Truth attends thy Word ;
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
'Till Suns shall rise, and set no more.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Desiring CHRIST's Love to be shed abroad
in the Heart.

Watts

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our Hearts, with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length,
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done,
By all the Church, through Christ his Son !

Watts H Y M N LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

NOW to the Pow'r of God supreme,
 Be everlasting Honours giv'n ;
 He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)
 He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deserts,
 But of his own abounding Grace,
 He works Salvation in our Hearts,
 And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun
 To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
 He gave us Grace in Christ his Son,
 Before he spread the starry Sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
 And makes his Father's councils known ;
 Declares the great Transactions past,
 And brings immortal Blessings down.

Watts H Y M N LXXIX.

Sight of God and CHRIST in Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
 And mount, and bear us far above
 The Reach of these inferior Things.

O for a Sight, a pleasing Sight !
 Of our Almighty Father's Throne !
 There sits our Saviour, crown'd with Light,
 Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him stand,
And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall,
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.

When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy Face, and sing thy Love?

H Y M N LXXX.

Joseph Humphreys Inviting to Praise.

COME, guilty Souls, and flee away,
Like Doves to Jesu's Wounds,
This is the welcome GOSPEL-Day,
Wherein free Grace abounds.

God lov'd the World, and gave his Son
To drink the Cup of Wrath :
And Jesus says, he'll cast out none
That come to him by Faith.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Watts The Same.

PRAISE, ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise :
His Nature and his Works invite,
To make this Duty our Delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
And cloaths the smiling Fields with Corn;
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight;
He views his Children with Delight;
He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
And looks and loves his Image there.

H Y M N LXXXII.

C. Wesley. The Same.

YE Seekers of God, whose diligent Care,
Is ever employ'd in Christ's Blood to share,
With Praises unceasing, your Jesus proclaim,
Rejoicing, and blessing his excellent Name.

'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his House,
And lift up your Hands, and pay him your Vows,
And whilst we are giving our Jesus his Due,
Do thou, blessed Spirit, our Natures renew!

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Hicks. Universal Praise.

HARK! dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing
Strives t' adore our bounteous King,
Each a double Tribute pays,
Sings its Part, and then obeys.

Wake, for Shame, my sluggish Heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy Part ;
Learn of Birds, and Springs, and Flow'rs,
How t' employ thy nobler Pow'rs.

Call whole Nature to thy Aid,
Since 'twas He whole Nature made .
Join we in one endless Song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy Works ador'd ;
One in Three, and Three in One,
All Things bow to thee alone.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Watts The New Creation.

ATTEND while God's eternal Son,
Doth his own Glories shew ;
" Behold, I sit upon my Throne,
" Creating all Things new.

" Nature and Sin are past away,
" And the old Adam dies,
" My Hands a new Foundation lay,
" See a new World arise !"

Mighty Redeemer, set us free
From our old State of Sin ;
O make our Souls alive to thee,
Create new Pow'rs within.

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,
And mould our Hearts afresh ;
Give us new Passions, Joys, and Fears,
And turn the Stone to Flesh.

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
From Sin and Earth and Hell ;
In the new World thy Grace hath made,
May we for ever dwell !

H Y M N LXXXV.

*Wesley
altered*

Longing for CHRIST.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood,
Hide us within thy Wounds, then Pain
Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How blest are those who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding Side !
Who Life and Strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st Man to Glory bring ?
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a Never-fading Crown !

Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty Thought,
To know the Wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

First born of many Brethren thou,
To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow,
Help us to thee our All to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live !

H Y M N LXXXVI.

C. Wesley. The Same.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my longing Heart
All taken up by thee ?

Oh make me pant and thirst to prove,
The Greatness of redeeming Love,
The Love of Christ to me.

God only knows the Love of God ;

O that it now were shed abroad

In each poor stony Heart !

For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,

This only Portion, Lord, be mine,

Be mine this better Part !

O that we could for ever sit

With Mary, at the Master's Feet,

Be this our happy Choice !

Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,

Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,

To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Thy only Love may we require,

Nothing on Earth, beneath Desire,

Nothing in Heav'n above ;

Let Earth and all its Trifles go,

Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,

Give us thy precious Love.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

Commit thy Way unto the LORD, &c.

COME, my Soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him Rev'rence ;
Bless him for his Blood and Name,
Sing his great Deliv'rance.

Why should Sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or Temptation !
Is not Christ upon the Throne,
Still thy strong Salvation ?

Cast thy Burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour ;
He (whose Hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul,
Turn thee and discover
How he yet is Merciful,
Turn thee to thy Lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Who can happy make thee ;
Gaze upon him who thee bought,
'Till to him he takes thee.

Leave thy earthly Cares behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour ;
Count thou all beside but Wind,
Trample on it ever.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Watts The Christian Race.

A WAKE our Souls, away our Fears ;
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone ;
Awake and run the heav'nly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint ;
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

O mighty God, thy matchless Pow'r !
Is ever new and ever young ;
And firm endures, while endless Years
Their everlasting Circles run.

From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Believers drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
Oh may we mount to thine Abode !
On Wings of Love to Jesus fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road !

German by Wesley H Y M N LXXXIX.

We love him, because he first loved us.

O F him who did Salvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think and sing !
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
 All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring;
 Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
 Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

To shame our Sins, Christ blush'd in Blood,
 He clos'd his Eyes to shew us God;
 Let all the World fall down and know,
 That none but God such Love could show.

H Y M N XC.

Watts. Preserving Grace,

TO God the only Wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the Saints below the Skies
 Their humble Praises bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
 His Counsel and his Care,
 Preserves us safe from Sin and Death
 And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints,
 Unblemish'd and compleat,
 Before the Glory of his Face,
 With Joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen Seed
 Shall meet around the Throne,
 Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace
 And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,
 Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
 Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
 And everlasting Songs.

H Y M N XCI.

Jno. Bennich.

TO JESUS CHRIST.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 Oh tune our Souls to praise thy Name,
 Jesus ! unchangeable, the same !

If Angels, whilst to thee they sing,
 Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,
 How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh
 The great, the awful Deity ?

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am ;
 With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bless,
 Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus ! live,
 Worthy all Blessings to receive !
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit
 With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

H Y M N XCH.

Watts.

Unfruitfulness.

LONG have we sat beneath the Sound
 Of thy Salvation, Lord,
 But still how weak our Faith is found,
 And Knowledge of thy Word !

Oft we frequent thy holy Place,
 Yet hear almost in vain ;
 How small a Portion of thy Grace
 Do our false Hearts retain !

Our gracious Saviour and our God,
How little art thou known,
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne ?

How celd and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fear !
How low our Hope of Joys above,
How few Affections there !

Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Success ;
Write thy Salvation on our Hearts,
And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on high ;
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love shall never die.

H Y M N XCIII.

Watts. The Church, a Garden.

ZION's a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar Ground ;
A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like Spicy Trees, Believers stand,
Planted by an Almighty Hand ;
And all the Springs in Zion flow,
To make the rich Plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume ;

H

Spirit divine, descend, and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make thou our Spices flow abroad,
A grateful Incense to our God ;
Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And every Grace be active here.

*Wesley
from the
German*

H Y M N XCIV.

Redemption found.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and Night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,
To thy Cross our Spirits bind ;
Earthly Passions far remove,
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Misery ;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n.

Watts.

H Y M N XCV.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

OUR drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so :
Awake each sluggish Soul ;

Nothing has half our Work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants for one poor Grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive ;
Yet we who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live.

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood !

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our Parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And sit, and warm our Hearts.

Then shall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls shall rise ;
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,
We'll fly and take the Prize.

H Y M N XCVI.

CHRIST'S Righteousness imputed to
Believers.

HAPPY he who e'er believes,
The Embassy of Peace,
Who at Jesu's Hand receives
The Gift of Righteousness :
God is his Salvation's God,
The Lord is his Almighty Shield ;
He with Grace shall be endow'd,
And then with Glory fill'd.

Did the Sin of Adam slay,
 And ruin all his Race ?
 Jesus takes our Sins away,
 By suff'ring in our Place :
 He perform'd what God requir'd,
 And answer'd all the Law demands ;
 In his Righteousness attir'd,
 The true Believer stands.

Moses, at a Distance, saw
 The Righteousness divine !
 In the Volume of the Law,
 How clearly doth it shine !
 Holy Men, and Prophets old,
 Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb,
 Of his Righteousness foretold,
 And trusted in the same.

How perversely did the Jews
 His Righteousness discard !
 Shall we then his Love abuse,
 And slight his great Reward !
 Of the Law he is the End,
 And after we have done our best,
 On his Grace we must depend,
 And in his Merits rest.

What a Mystery of Love
 In God's Designs appears !
 Jesus coming from above,
 Our Sin and Torment bears :
 God imputes Man's Sins to him ;
 Imputes to Man his Righteousness ;
 Guilty he doth Christ esteem,
 And guiltless us confess.

Watts. H Y M N XCVII.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

THY Favours, Lord, surprize our Souls =
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?
What canst thou find beneath the Poles,
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus ?

Still might he fill his starry Throne,
And please his Ears with Gabriel's Songs ::
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God ! what poor Returns we pay,
For Love so infinite as thine ?
Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay ::
But thy Compassion's all divine.

H Y M N XCVIII.

Watts. The Same.

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlasting Praises fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.

He that can shake the Worlds he made,
Or with his Word, or with his Rod,
His Goodness, how amazing great !
And what a condescending God !

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Bosom of our God ;
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

Oh ! could our thankful Hearts devise
 A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
 To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise,
 And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

Watts

H Y M N XCIX.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove;
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
 In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly Toys ;
 Our Souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal Joys !

In vain we tune our formal Songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
 And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying Rate :
 Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And thine to us so great ?

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N C.

The Same.

TO praise redeeming Love,
 Dear Christians, lend a Voice ;
 Come thou diviner Dove,
 And help us to rejoice !
 Our Hearts, too low,
 Lord, thou canst raise ;
 Blest Spirit, blow,
 And we shall praise.

Here, Lord, may we admire
 The Riches of thy Grace,
 'Till thou shalt call us higher,
 There to behold thy Face ;
 Oh Height of Grace,
 Oh Depth of Love,
 Lord fit us for
 Our Place above.

Who can thy Love express !
 Thy Mercy ne'er decays !
 What can our Souls do less
 Than love thee all our Days ?
 Bless God each Soul
 Ev'n unto Death ;
 And write a Song,
 For ev'ry Breath.

H Y M N C I.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemp-
tion.

Watts

LET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Grace ;
But our loud Songs shall still record
The Wonders of thy Praise.

We raise our Shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy Throne ;
All Glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a Word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd Frame,
Salvation to the Lord !

Hosanna ! let the Earth and Skies
Repeat the joyful Sound ;
Rocks, Hills and Vales reflect the Voice
In one eternal Round.

Watts

H Y M N C II.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

BEGIN, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,
And speak some boundless Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,
And sound his Pow'r abroad,

Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying Men ;
His Hand hath writ the sacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass,
The mighty Promise shines ;
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkneſs raze
Those everlasting Lines.

O might I hear thine heav'nly Tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine !
Those gentle Words should raise my Song
To Notes almost divine.

How would our leaping Hearts rejoice,
And think our Heav'n secure !
Give us to hear thy gracious Voice,
And Faith desires no more.

H Y M N CIII.

Watts. Resurrection of CHRIST.

BLESS'D Morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising God : (Rays,
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his last Abode !

In the cold Prison of a Tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.

Hell and the Grave unite their Force,
 To hold our God in vain ;
 The sleeping Conqu'ror arose,
 And burst their feeble Chain.

To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred Hours we pay,
 And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
 The Triumph of the Day.

Salvation and immortal Praise,
 To our victorious King,
 Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,
 With glad Hosannas ring.

H Y M N CIV.

Watts

Praise to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
 We wretched Sinners lay,
 Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
 Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless Grief ;
 He saw, and (O amazing Love !)
 He ran to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,
 With joyful Haste he fled,
 Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
 And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh ! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
 Their lasting Silence break.

And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praises speak.

Angels assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold ;
But when you raise your highest Notes
His Love can ne'er be told.

Watts. H Y M N C V.

Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

COME, all harmonious Tongues,
Your noblest Music bring ;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing.

Tell how he took our Flesh,
To take away our Guilt !
Sing the dear Drops of sacred Blood,
That hellish Monsters spilt.

Down to the Shades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head :
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When Death itself is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,
The Cross and Nails no more ;
For Hell itself shakes at his Name,
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's Throne ;
The Father lays his Veng'ance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

Watts. H Y M N CVI.

The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven

OH the Delights, the heav'nly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams,
Of his o'erflowing Grace !

Sweet Majesty and awful Love,
Sit smiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Distance bow.

His Head, the dear majestic Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories shine,
And circle it around !

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore,
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts shall love him more.

Lord, set our Spirits all on Fire
To see thy blest'd Abode ;
And tune our Tongues to sing the Praise
Of our incarnate God !

H Y M N CVII.

Look on Him whom they pierced,
and mourn.

Watts

INFINITE Grief ! amazing Woe !
Behold our bleeding Lord ;
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death,
And us'd the Roman Sword.

Oh the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain,
Our dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
His sacred Body tore!

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
In vain do we accuse ;
In vain we blame the Roman Bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

'Twere you, our Sins, our cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were ;
Each of our Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the Veng'ance down
Upon his guiltless Head ;
Break, break our Hearts, oh burst these Eyes,
And let our Sorrow bleed.

Strike, mighty Grace, each flinty Soul,
'Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown our Eyes
In undissembled Woe.

H Y M N CVIII.

Watts

The Same.

ALAS ! and did our Saviour bleed ?
And did our Sov'reign die !
Would he devote that sacred Head
For such a Worm as I ?

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the Tree !
Amazing Pity ! Grace unknown,
And Love beyond Degree.

Well might the Sun in Darknes hide,
And shut his Glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd,
For Man, the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
While his dear Cross appears ;
Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love I owe ;
May I here give myself away ?
'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N CIX.

The Same.

IS there a Thing beneath the Sky,
Can Comfort bring, or satisfy,
But our dear Saviour's Wounds ?
Here is a sweet and constant Peace,
A Treasure full of richest Grace,
All else are empty Sounds.

Attend, my Soul, sink down with Shame
Before his Face, who only came
To suffer, bleed and die ;
O think upon thy Sin and Guilt,
For which his precious Blood was spilt,
Thou didst him crucify.

See, thou vile Piece of sinful Dust,
Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy Lust,
'Till Drops of Blood fall down !
See how he yonder prostrate lies !
Observe his mournful Pray'r and Cries,
Mark every Tear and Groan.

See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a Thief,
Amidst Contempt, and Stripes and Grief,
For thee a Sacrifice ;
Fasten'd unto the shameful Wood,
Despis'd by Men, and bath'd in Blood ;
So dear thy Ransom-Price !

Lord, didst thou suffer thus for me !
Didst thou feel all this Misery
To give me Life and Peace ?
Then let me bear it on my Heart,
My all is purchas'd with thy Smart,
Thy Blood signs my Release.

H Y M N CX.

Distinguishing Love, or Angels punished,
and Man saved.

Watts

DOWN headlong from the native Skies,
The Rebel-Angels fell !
And Thunder-Bolts of flaming Wrath
Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

Down from the Top of earthly Bliss
Rebellious Man was hurl'd ;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave
To save a sinking World.

O Love of infinite Degree !
Unmeasurable Grace !
Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous Race ?

Must Angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless Fire :
While God forsakes his shining Throne
To raise us Wretches higher ?

Oh for this Love, let Earth and Skies
With Hallelujahs ring,
And the full Choir of human Tongues
All Hallelujahs sing !

H Y M N CXI.

Watts CHRIST'S Commission.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God,
With new melodious Songs ;
Come, render to Almighty Grace
The Tributes of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love
That pity'd dying Men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging Rod ;
No hard Commission to perform
The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forsook the Throne,
When Christ on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
And wipe your Sorrows dry ;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,
And you shall never die.

O dearest Lord, melt down our Souls
T' accept thine offer'd Grace ;
Then will we bless the Saviour's Love,
And give the Father Praise.

H Y M N CXII.

Watts

The Same.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune ;
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
Celestial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
No Terror cloaths his Brow ;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrows cease :
Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

Lord, we obey the Call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the Salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy Name.

Wm. Hammond

H Y M N CXIII.

Behold I stand at the Door and knock, &c.

WE magnify thy Grace, O Lord ;
 How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
 A Supper for thy Saints !
 All Things are ready, thou hast said,
 A Table thou hast richly spread,
 To answer all our Wants.

Now, Lord, allure our Souls to Thee,
 O kindly bid us come and see,
 And taste how Good thou art ;
 Knock with the Hammer of thy Word,
 Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
 Lord break into each Heart.

Darkness and Unbelief remove,
 And ravish all our Souls with Love,
 Cast out the Pow'r of Sin ;
 Jesus, attend our feeble Pray'r,
 And for thyself our Hearts prepare,
 Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
 Like Rivers flow, and still increase,
 Unto the Ocean driv'n ;
 Lord, condescend to sup with me,
 And grant I now may sup with thee,
 And sup at last in Heav'n.

H Y M N CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of
God.

Watts
AND are we Wretches yet alive ?
And do we yet rebel !
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,
That bears us up from Hell.

The Burden of our weighty Guilt
Would sink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble Frames.

Almighty Goodness, cries, Forbear,
And strait the Thunder stays :
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace !

Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin :
O that our Hearts may bleed to see
What Rebels we have been !

No more our Lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey !
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,
And drive thy Foes away.

H Y M N CXV.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a
Mediator.

Watts
COME let us lift our joyful Eyes
Up to the Courts above,

And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And shot devouring Flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming Fire,
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the Drops of Jesu's Blood,
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That sprinkl'd o'er the burning Throne,
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the Lord !
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
Nor double-flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliss
Are open'd by the Son :
High let us raise our Notes of Praise,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.

To thee ten thousand Thanks we bring :
Great Advocate on high ;
And Glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his Fury by.

Watts H Y M N CXVI.

The darkness of PROVIDENCE.

LORD, we adore thy vast Designs,
Th' obscure Abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Sense.

Now thou array'st thine awful Face,
In angry Frowns without a Smile ;
Saints thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compassion still.

Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Distress,
They sail by Faith, and not by Sight ;
Faith guides them in the Wilderness,
Thro' all the Briars of the Night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod,
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine Arm shall bear us safely thro'.

H Y M N CXVII.

Watts The Priesthood of CHRIST.

BLOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies,
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries ;
But the dear Stream when Christ was slain,
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.

Pardon and Peace from God on high ;
Behold he lays his Vengeance by ;
And Rebels that deserve his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our Praises rise,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice ;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

Watts H Y M N CXVIII.

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal Care,
 Away from Earth our Souls retreat ;
 We leave this worthless World afar,
 And wait, and worship near thy Seat.

Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace,
 We see thy Feet, and we adore ;
 We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
 And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

While here our various Wants we mourn,
 United Groans ascend on high ;
 And Prayer bears a quick Return
 Of Blessings in Variety.

Father, our Souls would still abide,
 Within thy Temple, near thy Side :
 But if our Feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy Dwelling in each Heart.

Watts H Y M N LXIX.

Humiliation.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
 And born unholy and unclean :
 Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
 Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
 The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death ;
 Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
 But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

Behold, we fall before thy Face,
 Our only Refuge is thy Grace ;
 No outward Forms can make us clean,
 The Leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, our God, thy Blood alone,
 Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone ;
 Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
 And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice.

H Y M N CXX.

Watts The Offices of CHRIST.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with Truth and Grace ;
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word,
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his Blood,
 And lives to carry on his Love,
 By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King ;
 How sweet are his Commands !
 He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin,
 By his Almighty Hands.

Hosanna to his glorious Name,
 Who saves by diff'rent Ways ?
 His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim
 To our immortal Praise.

H Y M N CXXI.

Watts Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
Or wash away the Stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our Sins away ;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine,
While like a Penitent I stand,
And there confess my Sin.

My Soul looks back to see
The Burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the Curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

H Y M N CXXII.

Watts

God reconcil'd in CHRIST.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
 Our Jesus and our God,
 Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,
 Or trifle with thy Blood ?

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death,
 The Father smiles again ;
 'Tis by thine interceeding Breath
 The Spirit dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Flesh I see,
 My Thoughts no Comfort find ;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are Terrors to my Mind.

But if Immanuel's Face appear,
 My Hope, my Joy begins !
 His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
 His Grace removes my Sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,
 And Greeks of Wisdom boast :
 I love th' incarnate Mystery,
 And there I fix my Trust.

Kinsman

H Y M N CXXIII.

O come let us sing unto the LORD.

DISCIPLES of Christ,
Ye Friends of the Lamb,
Attend and assist

In singing his Fame :
Eternal Thanksgiving
The Faithful should pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this Day.

A Body of Clay,
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The Sin we had done ;
And in it endured
The Wrath to us due,
The Curse we incurred,
Our Stripes and our Woe.

Not only he dy'd,
But also arose,
Laid Weakness aside,
And over his Foes,
(Sin, Death, and the Devil)
He triumphed o'er,
And every Evil,
Dominion and Pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,
Who sits on the Throne,
We bow at thy Name,
We count thee alone
Deserving our Blessing,
And Blessing we'll give,
Without ever ceasing
So long as we live.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Adult-Baptism.

DESCEND, celestial Dove!
 In ev'ry Bosom dwell;
 Upon the present Water move,
 While we the Influence feel.

Anoint with holy Fire,
 Baptize with purging flames
 This Soul, and with thy Grace inspire,
 In Ceaseless living Streams.

Thy heav'nly Unction give,
 Thy Promise, Lord, fulfil;
 Give Pow'r thy Spirit to receive,
 And Strength to do thy Will.

Thy Ord'nance we obey,
 O meet us in the same:
 And with this Water now convey
 The Virtues of thy Name.

Witness to this thy Sign,
 And grant the inward Grace;
 Let this thy Servant seal'd for thine,
 From hence depart in Peace.

H Y M N CXXV.

Watts

Infant-Baptism.

THUS did the Sons of Abr'ham pass
 Under the bloody Seal of Grace;
 The young Disciples bore the Yoke,
 'Till Christ the painful Bondage broke.

By milder Ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's Cov'nant and his Love !
He seals to Saints his glorious Grace,
And not forbids their Infant-Race.

Their Seed is sprinkl'd with his Blood,
Their Children set apart for God ;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like Water pour'd upon the Head.

Let ev'ry Saint with chearful Voice
In this large Covenant rejoice ;
Young Children in their early Days,
Shall give the God of Abr'ham Praise.

H Y M N CXXVI.

Watts Original and actual Sin confess'd and
pardon'd.

LORD, we would spread our sore Distress
And Guilt before thine Eyes ;
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace,
How high our Crimes arise !

Shouldst thou condemn our Souls to Hell,
And crush our Flesh to Dust,
Heav'n would approve thy Veng'ance well,
And Earth must own it just.

Cleanse us, O Lord, and chear each Soul
With thy forgiving Love ;
O make our broken Spirits whole,
And bid our Pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive us from thy Face ;
Create a-new our vicious Hearts,
And fill them with thy Grace.

H Y M N CXXVII.

Joanna Cernick Behold the Man.

YE serious Souls, draw near,
My Song of Jesus hear :
Roll'd in Blood his Garments shine,
See him gloriously divine ;
On his Hands your Names appear,
Come with me, his Kingdom share.

Rivers of Pleasures flow
From him for you to know ;
You, who for your Saviour mourn ;
You, by Blood and Water born ;
You, who glad the Word receive ;
You, who taught of God believe.

Th' exalted Saviour see,
He liv'd and dy'd for thee :
For you he came down from God,
Empty'd all his Veins of Blood ;
This, the Lamb for Sinners slain,
Guilty Souls, *Behold the Man !*

Come near ye weary, come !
His Arms shall make you Room !
He, the Fruit of Jesse's Stem,
Opens you the living Stream ;
Jesus, born of David's Line,
You unto himself shall join.

Your Folly he shall hide,
And bury in his Side ;
O come near, his Mercies taste,
Let your Sins on him be cast ;
Bold approach, for he shall bear
All your Burden, all your Care.

Joanna K. Cernick

All ye whom Troubles tire,
 Who'd rest from Sin's Desire,
 Jesus bids you to the Feast,
 There is your eternal Rest ;
 Come with me, and ye shall prove
 His an everlasting Love.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

SAVIOUR of the World, attend,
 Hearken to thy People's Moan ;
 Art thou not the Sinner's Friend !
 Art thou not their Friend alone ?
 Then thine Ear incline ;
 While they for Redemption cry,
 Think upon that Word of thine,
 " Your Redemption draweth nigh."

Hear'st thou not the many Pray'rs,
 Offer'd by thy Church, with thee ?
 See'st thou not the thousand Tears,
 Pour'd before thy Majesty ?
 Mark'st thou not the Groans ?
 Mind'st thou not the Earnings great,
 Of thy ransom'd little ones,
 Prostrate round thy Mercy-Seat ?

Is it nothing, Lord, to thee,
 That so many Years they've cry'd !
 Must their Suit unanswer'd be,
 Shall their Pray'rs be still deny'd ?
 For thy Mercies Sake,
 Turn thou the Captivity,
 Bring the banish'd Brethren back,
 Lord, unite them all in thee.

Be the captive Exile loos'd,
 Lord the Jubilee proclaim !
 All who Liberty refus'd,
 Let them call upon thy Name ;
 Whoso calls on thee,
 Shall Deliv'rance gladly prove,
 Shall thy Spoil, dear Jesus, be,
 Monuments that thou art Love.

Let thy Blood's so boundless Pow'r,
 Wide as the Creation reach ;
 Sweetly loud from Shore to Shore,
 Thy eternal Mercy preach ;
 Let the ransom'd Seed
 Hear, and to thy Temple flow,
 All for whom thou deign'd to bleed,
 Let them thy Salvation know.

Lift thy Ensign very high,
 Let thy bloody Cross be seen,
 Let thy scarlet Banners fly,
 Glorious in the Sight of Men :
 Sound the Angel loud,
 " Now begins the Jubilee !
 " Now Salvation comes from God,
 " All together it shall see !"

H Y M N CXXIX.

for Gennick The Same.

HOW many Years have we been driv'n,
 Out from our Eden, from our Heav'n ?
 Lord it is Time that thou restore
 Thy wand'ring Church, to roam no more,

Six thousand Years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy Sight was cast !
So long ago his fallen Race,
From Age to Age were void of Peace.

Pris'ners in Houses made of Clay,
And out of Sight of Heav'nly Day,
They cannot chuse but daily mourn,
'Till they from Banishment return.

When will the happy Trump proclaim,
The Judgment of the martyr'd Lamb ?
When shall the captive Troops be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee !

Hasten, O God, in ev'ry Land,
Send thou thine Angels, and Command :
Go sound Deliv'rance ! loudly blow
Salvation to the Saints below !

We want to have the Day appear !
The promis'd great Sabbatic-Year,
When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,
Isr'el in ceaseless Peace shall dwell !

'Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong Request ;
And this our daily Pray'r shall be,
Lord, sound the Trump of Jubilee !

Robt. Dengrave.

H Y M N CXXX.

All Nations shall serve him.

SAVIOUR, King, assume thy Pow'r,
Thou that art the Conqueror ;
Lead thy promis'd Glory on,
Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

Japhet's Isles, do bless thy Name,
Let the West thy Worth proclaim ;
Wash the Ethiopian clean :
In the East new Signs be seen.

Great the Band of those be found,
Who proclaim the joyful Sound ;
Let it to thy Israel come,
Let it bring the Wand'ers home.

To the Brightness of thy Face,
Fly in Troops the suppliant Race :
Princes shall adorn the Train,
Monarchs bow and bless thy Reign.

When like Light'ning thro' the Skies,
Will thy latter Glory rise ?
When shall we behold thy Pow'r ?
When salute the accomplished Hour ?

Quickly Lord thy Triumphs bring,
Tongues and Kindred wait to sing :
Then shall all the chosen Race
Shout aloud redeeming Grace. — Hallelujah.

H Y M N CXXXI.

St. Beagrove

The divine Sovereignty.

OUR God reigns, ye Lands, rejoice,
Lift ye Isles a thankful Voice :
Every Throne by one controul'd,
Well secures the passive World.

Higher than the Sons of Pride,
He bids raging Waves subside ;
Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,
The Whole centers to his Will.

How unfathomably Wise,
Beautious too his Counsel lies !
Ev'ry Way his Will is done,
Ev'ry Way his Justice shown.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subverts his standing Word ;
Satan lets, and Men object,
Yet the Thing they thwart, effect.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
Jesus will his Kingdom hold ;
Wheels encircling Wheels must run,
Each in Place to bring it on.

Blest is Faith, that trusts his Pow'r,
Blest are Saints that wait his Hour ;
Haste, gr at Conqu'ror bring it near,
Let the glorious Close appear.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N CXXXII.

For Good Friday.

WHO hath our Report believed ?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own,
Promis'd Branch from Root of Jesse,
David's Offspring sent to bless ye,
Comes too meekly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation,
What is thy fond Expectation !
Some fair, spreading lofty Tree ?
Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
'Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
Mark the Lowest—that is He.

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his Son to save us,
 Bless'd the Son who freely came ;
 Honour, Blessing, Adoration,
 Ever, from the whole Creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

Watts
 For the Fifth of November.

S Hour to the Lord, and let our Joys
 Thro' the whole Nation run ;
 Ye British Skies, resound the Noise
 Beyond the rising Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
 Thee our glad Voices sing,
 And join with the celestial Choir
 To praise th' eternal King.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
 And on the starry Skies,
 Sits smiling at the weak Designs,
 Thine envious Foes devise.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
 And with an awful Frown,
 Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
 From their malicious Pow'r ;
 Let Britain with united Songs
 Almighty Grace adore.

H. Y M N CXXXIV.

C. Wesley.

For New Year's Day.

THE Lord of Earth and Sky,
The God of Ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless Days;
Who lengthens out our Trial here,
And spares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
We cumber'd long the Ground,
No Fruit of Holiness
On our dead Souls was found;
Yet doth he us in Mercy spare,
Another, and another Year.

When Justice bar'd the Sword
To cut the Fig-tree down,
The Pity of our Lord
Cry'd, Let it still alone.
The Father mild inclines his Ear,
And spares us yet another Year.

Jesus, thy speaking Blood,
From God obtain'd the Grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer Space:
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
And lo, we see another Year.

Then dig about our Root,
Break up our fallow Ground,
And let our gracious Fruit
To thy great Praise abound:
O let us all thy Praise declare,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

H Y M N CXXXV.

A Song of Praise to God from Great Britain.

Watts

NATURE with all her Pow'r shall sing
God the Creator, and the King ;
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,
Deny the Tributes of their Praise.

Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne ;
Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound
To the Creation's utmost Bound.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame
Exert your Force, and own his Name !
Whilst with our Souls and with our Voice
We sing his Honours, and our Joys.

He builds and guards the British Throne,
And makes it gracious like his own :
Makes our successive Princes kind,
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raise monumental Praises high
To him that thunders thro' the Sky ;
The strongest Notes that Angels raise,
Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

For his Majesty King GEORGE, and
Royal Family.

Watts

LORD, thou hast bid thy People pray,
For all that bear the Sov'reign Sway,
And thy Vicegerents Reign ;
Rulers, and Governors, and Pow'rs :
And lo ! in Faith we pray for ours :
Nor can we pray in vain.

L

Jesus, thy chosen Servant guard,
And every threat'ning Danger ward
From his anointed Head ;
Bid all his Griefs and Troubles cease,
And thro' the Path of heav'nly Peace
To Life eternal lead.

Cover his Enemies with Shame,
Defeat their dire malicious Aim,
Their baffled Hopes destroy ;
But shower on him thy Blessings down,
Crown him with Grace, with Glory crown,
And everlasting Joy.

To hoary Hairs be thou his God,
Late may he see that high Abode,
Late to his Heav'n remove ;
Of Virtues full, and Happy Days,
Accounted worthy by thy Grace,
To fill a Throne above.

And when thou dost his Sp'rit receive
O give us in his Offspring, give
Us back our King again ;
Preserve them, Providence divine,
And let the long illustrious Line
To latest Ages Reign.

Secure us of his Royal Race,
A Man to stand before thy Face,
And exercise thy Pow'r !
With Wealth, Prosperity, and Peace,
Our Nation and our Church to bless,
Till Time shall be no more.

The End of the First Book.

[fir]

H Y M N S

F O R

SOCIETY, and Persons meet-
ing in Christian-Fellowship.

B O O K II.

no. Bernick H Y M N I.

For S O C I E T Y.

WHO can have greater Cause to sing,
Who greater Cause to bless,
Than we the Children of the King,
Than we who Christ possess?
Than we who Christ possess?
Than we who Christ possess?

With Angel-Hosts, dear Lamb, we join
To praise thy Love and Pow'r,
To magnify thy Grace divine,
Thou mighty Counsellor,
Thou mighty Counsellor,
Thou mighty Counsellor.

L 2.

We late were Satan's Captives led,
 And Hell had been our End,
 Had'st thou not for our Pardon bled,
 Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend.

For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
 Nor shall our Praises cease ;
 We evermore will sing that Song,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
The Lord our Righteousness,
The Lord our Righteousness.

No other God we know but thee,
 None else did us create ;
 Thy Glory may we ever be,
 O holy Advocate,
O holy Advocate,
O holy Advocate.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take
 The Mediator's Place,
 When we the Father's Statutes brake,
 All hail thou Prince of Peace !
All hail thou Prince of Peace !
All hail thou Prince of Peace !

We daily prove thee still the same,
 Whene'er our Need we see :
 Thou bearest still a Saviour's Name,
 Our Saviour thou shalt be !
Our Saviour thou shalt be !
Our Saviour thou shalt be !

No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,
 Shall us from thee divide ;
 Strongly we hold that precious Faith,
 For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd.

Robt. Leighton H Y M N II.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
 Thy better Portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory Things,
 Tow'rd's Heav'n, thy native Place.
 Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
 Time shall soon this Earth remove ;
 Rise, my Soul, and haste away
 To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their Course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
 Both speed them to their Source ;
 So a Soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious Face,
 Upward tends to his Abode,
 To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onwards to the Prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the Skies :

Yet a Season, and you know
Happy Ent'rance will be given ;
All our Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchange'd for Heaven.

Jo. Cennick. H Y M N III.

Calling to follow JESUS.

COME, my Father's Family,
Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
Come, ye Sinners, who with me
Are ev'ry where abhor'd :
Let us gladly trace his Steps,
Who suffer'd Death among the Jews,
Who the friendless Soul accepts,
Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
Our Master let us own ;
He the Sacrifice for Sin,
The Saviour he alone :
Let us take and bear his Cross,
Despis'd Disciples let us be ;
Mock'd and flighted, as he was
For you, my Friends, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore :
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for ever more ;
None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim,
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb,

H Y M N IV.

Ans. Lemnick The Same.

COME, ye Lovers of the Lamb,
Join in publishing his Fame ;
Let the whole Society
Sing our Saviour's Clemency.

Who like us so favour'd are ?
We the Lord's peculiar Care ;
We the precious Sons of God,
Dearly purchas'd by his Blood.

Who can make their Boast like us ?
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus ?
We can boast, for we are made
Kings and Priests in Christ our Head.

Jesus (when we all were poor)
Out of Love's eternal Store,
Gave to each of us a Crown,
Gave us Mansions on his Throne.

Neither leave us desolate,
While we're in our Pilgrim State ;
Here he talks with us, and we
Him by Faith's Perspective see.

Him we commune with by Pray'rs,
Well persuaded he us hears ;
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind Answers gives again.

Best of Friends the Lord we prove,
He ne'er changes in his Love ;

Faithful, gracious, good, the same
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we sing to thee,
High exalted Deity :
Bless we thee, eternal Son,
Glory be to thee alone !

Jno. Cornick H Y M N V.

CHRIST our great Melchisedec.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No Music like thy charming Name,
Ne'er half so sweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,
While in this World we stay,
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely Name,
When all Things else decay :
When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our Song.

H Y M N VI.

Peace of God's Children.

LOVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our Unity,

Making Wars and Jarrings cease,
 Causing Men, tho' Foes, t' agree,
 Kindly rule in us ;
 Make us happily go on,
 Helping each to bear his Cross,
 Stedfast 'till our Work is done.

Let us like a Flock of Sheep,
 Close together persevere,
 True by one another keep,
 Each esteeming very dear,
 Altogether move :
 Truly subject be the whole,
 Bound in Bands of truest Love,
 One in Heart, in Mind, and Soul.

May we all one Faith maintain,
 One sole Doctrine witness too,
 Christ the Lord our God was slain,
 Slain for us, and this is true,
 He will ours abide :
 He will our dear Portion be,
 He who on Mount Calvary dy'd,
 Jesus, Jesus, only he !

Strive we who shall love thee most,
 Who shall most in Faith excel,
 Who can of the Saviour boast,
 Who can most of Jesus tell :
 This employ us all :
 Daily this contend we for,
 Daily 'till the Lamb shall call,
 Prosp'ring daily more and more.

Let us Hand in Hand proceed,
 Little loving Children be,

Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,
But alive, dear Lamb to thee ;
So continue firm ;
While beneath us thou wilt lay
Thy eternal out-stretch'd Arm,
'Till we wake in endless Day.

H Y M N VII.

Sitting under CHRIST's Shadow.

BLOOD of Jesu's Wounds, how good,
Sounds it in our Ears and Hearts !
Nothing, surely, like that Blood,
Can such solid Bliss impart ;
Oh 'tis most divine !
Weary Sinners hither fly,
Laden with their crimson Sin,
This blots out the dreadful Dye.

You who have the Law obey'd,
You who Righteousness t' attain,
Earnestly by Works assay'd,
But have found your Strife in vain ;
Turn you to Christ's Blood.
Thither look, and you no more
Shall lament an absent God,
Nor your dreadful State deplore.

Who so after Rest enquires,
Let him to this Blood approach ;
Who so truly Peace desires,
Jesu's Blood affordeth much ;
Be persuaded then ;
Lift ye up your down-cast Eyes,
See the Saviour bleeding, slain ;
There thy Rest, poor Sinner, is.

Here may we take up our Place,
 Here for ever happy be ;
 Here wrap up our blushing Face,
 Seeking nought beside to see !
 Here we now sit down,
 Trusting in his Blood, and prove
 What the Lord for us hath done ;
 Who can fully tell his Love ?

H Y M N VIII.

Te Deum, or Song of Praise.

from Gennick D I A L O G U E.

WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
 Who sav'd us by thy Grace ;
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose Blood
Redeem'd our fallen Race.

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
 Father, ere Time began ;
Thou art by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

To thee all Angels cry aloud,
 Thro' Heav'ns extended Coasts ;
Hail, holy, holy, holy God
Of all immortal Hosts !

The Cherubim and Seraphim
 Are always praising thee ;
The Worlds and all the Pow'rs therein
Adore thy Majesty.

The Prophets goodly Fellowship,
 In milky Garments dress'd,
Praise thee Thou holy God, and reap
The Fulness of thy Rest.

Th' Apostles' glorious Company
 Thy righteous Praise proclaim ;
The martyr'd Army glorify
Thy everlasting Name.

Thro' all the World thy Churches join
 T' acknowledge thee the Head ;
Father of Majesty divine,
Who ev'ry Pow'r has made.

Also thy true and only Son,
 Thy Family confels ;
King of thy Saints, to us made known,
The Lord our Righteousness.

Also the Holy Ghost we praise,
 The Spirit of the Lord,
The Comforter, whose kindling Rays
Our dying Souls restor'd.

H Y M N IX.

Holy Strife in Praising CHRIST.

RISE, O ye Seed of David, rise,
 Daughters of Zion, sing ;
Up, Sons of Jacob, Jesus praise,
Salute th' auspicious King.

Our Souls arise, and may our Tongue
 Be tun'd to praise the Lamb !
So ready be our ransom'd Throng
To magnify his Name.

Why stay we then ? the Lord extol ;
 Zion, break forth in Praise ;
Join ev'ry heavenly minded Soul
In pure seraphic Lays.

Open ye everlasting Doors,
Divide ye Gates of Bliss,
*We with Dominions, Thrones and Pow'rs,
Praise Christ our Righteousness.*

H Y M N X.

The Same.

LET us, the Sheep by Jesus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's Mercy bless;
*Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our Thankfulness.*

Not unto us, to thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb be Glory giv'n !
*Here shall thy Praises be begun,
But carried on in Heav'n.*

The Hosts of Spirits now with thee
Eternal Anthems sing,
*To imitate them here, lo ! we
Our Hallelujahs bring.*

Had we our Tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our Songs should rise,
*Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the Sacrifice.*

'Till we the Veil of Flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker Lays :
*And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,
We'll join in nobler Praise.*

H Y M N XI.

Pilgrim's Hymn, a Dialogue.

TELL us, O Women, we wou'd know
 Whither so fast ye move ?
*We, call'd to leave the World below,
 Are seeking one above.*

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place
 That ye are trav'ling from ?
*From Tribulation, we thro' Grace,
 Are now returning Home.*

Is not your native Country here ?
 Like you not this Abode ?
*We seek a better Country far,
 A City built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend
 Short of that Bliss to rest ;
*Nor we, 'till in the Sinners Friend
 Our weary Souls are bless'd.*

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
 Saviour, we ask no more ;
*Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,
 Whom Heav'n and Earth adore !*

H Y M N XII.

Resting under the Cross.

CHILDREN of Isr'el, see what Shade
 The Cross doth us afford ;
*It was for weary Trav'lers made,
 We thank thee for it, Lord.*

A while sit down, and we'll prepare
To sing his worthy Fame ;
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
Christ Jesus is his Name.

We sing thy Suffrings, Wounds, and Blood,
The Virtue of thy Pain ;
We sing thy Griefs, thou dying God,
Thou Lamb for Sinners slain.

We hail thee, thou, by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the Knee :
Hail! very God, the promis'd Child,
The Prophets sang of thee.

While others praise an unknown God,
We each will sing of thee ;
Jesus has wash'd me in his Blood,
And lov'd and dy'd for me.

H Y M N XIII.

General Praise to CHRIST.

ONCE slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,
We sing to thy eternal Name,
The whole Assembly join :
To yonder Harper's Harp we tune
Our solemn Songs, and round the Throne
We sing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society,
Mix with the happy Company
Of Christians gone before ;
And as they bless Messiah's Blood,
We imitate their Song, and God.
The holy Lamb adore.

Brethren and Sisters all agree
To sing he lov'd and dy'd for me ;
I thank him for his Grace ;
Quickly thy Chariot, Lord, send down,
To bear us to the wish'd for Throne,
Where we may see thy Face.

Or if thou here would'st have us stay,
A longer Space, lo ! we obey ;
Only let us be sure
That Heav'n is our's, die when we will,
And let thy Sp'rit be with us still,
And we'll desire no more.

Joseph Humphreys. H Y M N XIV.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the Sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own Blood,
They are ransom'd from the Grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the World begun ;
They the Seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by Grace,
They enjoy a solid Peace ;
All their Sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great Day.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
In the Works of Righteousness !
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth;
Born of God, they hate all Sin,
God's pure Seed remains within.

They have Fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's Blood;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they suffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth,
Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.

They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in Eternity !

H Y M N XV.

Peace of Christianity, in a Dialogue.

HO Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be)
We want to join with you :
*Poor Christian-Travellers are we,
To Canaan's Land we go.*

No Peace (tho' we have sought) we find
In any Country here ;
*'Twas therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, Name, and Character.*

We ne'er such Pleasure knew before,
As now in him we know !

*Peace (since our Saviour's Cross we bore)
Like Rivers in us flow.*

Let others then delight them here,
Their Trifles we despise ;
*The heav'nly Kingdom we prefer,
The Bliss of Paradise.*

Then joyful let us Journey on
To certain Rest above ;
*Singing to him on yonder's Throne
Of free electing Love.*

H Y M N XVI.

Glorifying GOD in CHRIST.

D I A L O G U E.

BRETHREN sing—'tis right you shou'd,
Sing our Saviour's precious Blood ;
*Daughters of Jerusalem,
Join we willingly the Theme.*

Shout for Joy, ye happy Men,
Lo ! for you the Lamb was slain ;
*Highly favour'd Women, praise,
Jesus in celestial Lays.*

Hail, redeeming Lamb, who late
Suffer'd Death without the Gate ;
*Hail ! for by thy Death and Cross,
Thou hast purchas'd Heav'n for us.*

None but Jesus will we sing,
None but Jesus, Isr'el's King ;
*None but Jesus will we laud,
None but Christ our Lord and God.*

Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou,
 Praise to have, and Honour too ;
Worthy thou of Bliss and Pow'r,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

H Y M N XVII.

Watts Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME we that love the Lord,
 And let our Joys be known,
 Join in a Song of sweet Accord,
 And thus surround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind
 Be banish'd from the Place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our Pleasures less.

The Men of Grace hath found
 Glory begun below !
 Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
 From Faith and Hope may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred Sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
 Or walk the golden Streets.

Then let our Songs abound,
 And ev'ry Tear be dry,
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground
 To fairer Worlds on high.

H Y M N XVIII.

The Wisdom of God Foolishness with
Men.

O Saviour, thou thy Myſteries
Haſt often cover'd from the Wiſe,
And Babes thy Glory ſhew'd ;
Thy Wiſdom far ſurpaſſes all
That ſtudious Mortals Wiſdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'ral Man can't right conceive
The glorious Things which we believe,
How thou did'ſt us redeem ;
The Things thy Spirit teaches us,
The Merits of thy Blood and Croſs,
Are Fooliſhneſs to him.

They this World's Wiſdom ſeek and gain,
That Wiſdom which thou calleſt vain,
But oh ! are Strangers ſtill
To that which makes our Spirits wiſe,
And ſets before our waiting Eyes
What is our Saviour's Will.

Thrice happy then are we, who prove
The Peace of God, his Truth, and Love !
Things freely to us giv'n ;
Theſe Earneſts are of greater Blifs,
The Earneſt of that Happineſs
Which we ſhall have in Heav'n.

H Y M N XIX.

Wesley. The Triumph of FAITH.

H EAD of the Church triumphant !
 We joyfully adore thee ;
 'Till thou appear,
 Thy Members here,
 Shall sing like those in Glory.
 We lift our Hearts and Voices
 With blest Anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The Praise of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,
 And passing thro' the Fire,
 Thy Love we praise.
 Which knows our Days,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our Hands exulting
 In thine Almighty Favour,
 The Love divine,
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy People
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation,
 Nor will we fear,
 Whilst thou art near,
 The Fire of Tribulation.
 The World with Sin and Satan
 In vain our March opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the Song of Moses.

By Faith we see the Glory,
To which thou shalt restore us,
The Cross despise
For that high Prize,
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We, each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right Hand,
To take us up to Heav'n.

H Y M N XX.

Wesley. The Same.

REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals give Thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of Truth and Love,
When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right Hand
 'Till all his Foes submit,
 And bow to his Command,
 And fall beneath his Feet :
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious Hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his Servants up
 To their eternal Home :
 We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice,
 The Trump of God shall sound Rejoice !

Wesley H Y M N XXI.

Little Children, love one another.

GIVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,
 Meek Lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly Passions cease,
 O quench them with thy Blood.

Us into closest Union draw,
 And in our inward Parts,
 Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
 Let Love command our Hearts.

O let thy Love our Hearts constrain,
 Jesus the Crucify'd !
 What hast thou done our Hearts to gain,
 Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd !

Who would not now pursue the Way
 Where Jesu's Footsteps shine ?
 Who would not own the pleasing Sway,
 Of Charity divine ?

O let us find the Ancient Way,
Our wond'ring Foes to move,
And force the Heathen World to say,
" See how these Christians love !"

H Y M N XXII.

The Communion of Saints.

Wesley

P A R T I.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in Hymns divine ;
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Strive we, in Affection strive,
Let the purer Flame revive,
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
Dying Champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jesu's Name,
Now, as Yesterday the same :
One in ev'ry Age and Place,
Full of Love, of Truth, and Grace !
Christ is now gone up on high,
(Thither may our Wishe fly ;)
Sits at God's Right-Hand above,
There with him we reign in Love !

H Y M N XXIII.

Wesley

P A R T II.

PARTNERS of a glorious Hope,
Lift your Hearts and Voices up,
Jointly let us rise and sing,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Monuments of Jesu's Grace,
 Speak we by our Lives his Praise,
 Walk in him we have receiv'd,
 Shew we've not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in Light,
 God our Hearts doth still unite ;
 Dearest Fellowship we prove,
 Fellowship of Jesu's Love :
 Sweetly each with each combin'd,
 In the Bonds of Duty join'd,
 Feels the cleansing Blood apply'd,
 Daily feels that Christ hath dy'd.

Still, O Lord, my Faith increase,
 Cleanse from all Unrighteousness ;
 Thee, th' unholy cannot see ;
 Make, O make us meet for thee !
 Ev'ry vile Affection kill,
 Free our Souls from ev'ry Ill,
 Conquer ev'ry inbred Sin,
 Write thy Law of Love within.

Hence may all our Actions flow,
 Love the Proof that Christ we know,
 Mutual Love the Token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee !
 Love thy Image, Love impart,
 Stamp it fully on each Heart ;
 Only Love to us be giv'n,
 Lord, we ask no other Heav'n.

H Y M N XXIV.

Wesley P A R T III.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
 Faith's effectual fervent Prayer ;
 N

Hear, and our Petitions seal,
 Let us now the Answer feel ;
 Mystically one with thee,
 Transcript of the Trinity ;
 Thee let all our Nature own,
 One in Three, and Three in One.

Build us in one Body up,
 Call'd in one high Calling's Hope ;
 One the Spirit whom we claim,
 One the pure baptismal Flame,
 One the Faith, and common Lord,
 One the Father lives ador'd,
 Over, thro', and in us all,
 God incomprehensible.

One with God, the Source of Bliss,
 Ground of our Communion this ;
 Life of all that live below,
 Let thy Emanations flow ;
 Rise eternal in our Heart :
 That our only Eden art ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost.

H Y M N XXV.

Wesley.

P A R T IV.

HUSBAND of thy Church below,
 Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
 Unto thee betroth'd in Love,
 Always faithful let us prove ;
 Never rob thee of our Heart,
 Never give the Creature part ;
 Only thou possess the Whole,
 Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

Stedfast let us cleave to thee,
 Love the mystic Union be !
 Union to the World unknown,
 Join'd to God, in Spirit one !
 Wait we 'till the Spouse shall come,
 'Till the Lamb shall take us Home,
 For his Heav'n the Bride prepare,
 Solemnize our Nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,
 Thou art with thy Father one ;
 One with him in us be shew'd,
 Very God of very God ;
 Sent our Spirits to unite,
 Sent to make us Sons of Light,
 Sent that we his Grace may prove,
 All the Riches of his Love.

H Y M N XXVI.

Wesley P A R T V.

CHRIST, from whom all Blessings flow,
 Comforting thy Saints below,
 Hear us, who thy Nature share,
 Who thy mystic Body are ;
 Join us, in one Spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine,
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thee who fillest all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
 Diverse Gifts to each divide ;
 Plac'd according to thy Will,
 Let us all our Works fulfil ;
 Never from our Office move,
 Needful to the others prove,

Use the Grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the blessed God.

Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on :
There is neither Bond nor Free,
Male nor Female, Lord, in thee.
Love like Death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all Distinctions void ;
Names and Sects, and Parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

H Y M N XXVII.

Wesley.

P A R T VI.

KING of Saints to whom are giv'n.
All in Earth, and all in Heav'n,
Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,
Join'd and gather'd into one :
Heirs of Glory, Sons of Grace,
Lo ! to thee our Hopes we raise,
Raise and fix our Hopes on thee,
Full of Immortality.

Absent in our Flesh from Home,
We are to Mount Sion come :
Heaven is our Soul's Abode,
City of the living God ;
Enter'd there our Seats we claim.
In the new Jerusalem ;
Join the countless Angel^l Quite
Greet the First-born Sons of Fire.

We our Elder-Brethren meet,
We are made with them to sit ;

Sweetest Fellowship we prove
With the general Church above :
Saints who now their Names behold,
In the Book of Life enroll'd,
Spirits of the Righteous, made
Perfect now in Christ their Head.

Life his healing Blood imparts,
Sprinkled on our peaceful Hearts ;
Abel's Blood for Veng'ance cry'd,
Jesus speaks us justify'd !
Speaks and calls for better Things,
Makes us Prophets, Priests and Kings !
Asks that we with him may reign,
Earth and Heaven, say Amen !

Wesley H Y M N XXVIII.

For Persons join'd in Fellowship:

TRY us, O God, and search the Ground
Of ev'ry sinful Heart ;
Whate'er of Sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our Feet into the Way
Of everlasting Peace.

Help us to help each other Lord,
Each other's Cross to bear :
Let each his friendly Aid afford,
And feel his Brother's Care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little Stock improve,

Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

Then when the mighty Work is wrought,
Receive the ready Bride :
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
With all the Sanctify'd.

H Y M N XXIX.

C. Wesley. The Same.

JESUS, Lord we look to thee,
Let us in thy Name agree,
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our Jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling Love,
Every Stumbling-Block remove,
Each to each unite, indear,
Come and spread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his Brother's Burthen bear,
To thy Church the Pattern give,
Shew how true Believers live.

Let us then with Joy remove
To thy Family above,
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die.

H Y M N XXX.

At Meeting.

BLEST by Jesu's Providence,
Lo ! we meet again in Peace !
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious Place !

When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign ;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midst a Host of perfect Men.

There shall Sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear ;
Wash'd in our Redeemer's Blood,
We shall stand made free from Fear.

Come, dear Fellows, joyful, come,
Forward boldly let us press,
Humbly let our Souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's Righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd Hour,
When the Family compleat,
Borne on Clouds, and girt with Pow'r,
In the House above shall meet.

Master, hasten on thy Day,
Glorious to thy Judgment come !
Call thy trav'ling Saints away,
Lord, we long to be at Home.

H Y M N XXXI.

Wesley. At Parting.

BLEST be the dear uniting Love,
That will not let us part;
Our Bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's Footsteps tread,
And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his lov'd Embrace,
Expect his Fulness to receive,
And Grace to answer Grace,

But let us hasten to the Day,
Which shall our Flesh restore,
When Death shall all be done away,
And Bodies part no more.

H Y M N XXXII.

Adoring CHRIST.

WORTHY is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our
(Shame

On God's eternal Throne to reign :
For he for us, for us, was slain.

From ev'ry People, Land, and Tongue,
He calls his royal conqu'ring Throng ;
Let all thy Hosts, thy Grace confess,
And call thee Lord our Righteousness.

We praise thee, thou whose Spirit rests
On us thy Kings, on us thy Priests ;
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought, and ransom'd by his Blood.

Let ev'ry Spirit now with thee,
And all on Earth, and all on Sea,
Thy Wisdom bless, and fill thy Throne,
With Worship due to thee alone.

Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine !
And Strength and Majesty divine !
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,
The only, everlasting Lord !

H Y M N XXXIII.

Jo. Cennick The Same.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ our Joy and Peace ;
Let our Praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's Right-Hand in Heav'n.

Master, see to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou ;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head.

Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King ;
Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought
Of Salvation by thee wrought ;
Wrought for all thy Church ! and we
Worship in their Company.

We, thy little Flock adore !
Thee, the Lord for evermore !
Ever with us, shew thy Love,
Till we join with those above !

H Y. M N XXXIV.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

COME, divine Immanuel, come,
Take Possession of thy Home,
Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land.

Carry on thy Victory,
Spread thy Rule from Sea to Sea,
Re-convert the ransom'd Race,
Save us, save us, Lord by Grace.

O that ev'ry Soul might be
Suddenly subdu'd to thee !
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting Life below !

Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land ;
Take Possession of thy Home,
Come, divine Immanuel, come !

H Y M N XXXV.

Jo. Cennick Rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye Journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy Praise,
Glorious in his Works and Ways !

We are trav'ling Home to God,
In the Way the Fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their Happiness shall see.

O, ye banish'd Seed be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made !
Us to save, our Flesh assumes,
Brother to our Souls becomes.

Shout, ye little Flock and blest,
You on Jesu's Throne shall rest :
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward.

Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand
On the Borders of your Land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N XXXVI.

Wesley. Breathing after Holiness.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown :
Jesus ! Thou art all Compassion,
Pure unbounded Love Thou art,
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart !

Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled Breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest :
Take away the Pow'r of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith, as its Beginning,
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come ! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive !
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy Temples leave !
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy Hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious Love.

Finish then thy new Creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be,
Let us see thy great Salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee !

Change from Glory into Glory,
'Till in Heav'n we take our Place,
'Till we cast our Crowns before thee,
Lost in Wonder, Love and Praise.

H Y M N XXXVII.

E. Wealey. The Christian Soldier.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your Armour on,
Strong in the Strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son ;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty Power,
Who in the Strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than Conqueror.

Stand then in his great Might,
With all his Strength endu'd,
And take, to arm you for the Fight,
The Panoply of God ;
That having all Things done,
And all your Conflicts past,
You may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Jesus hath dy'd for you !
What can his Love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your Shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his Hand ?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
All Pow'r to him is giv'n ;
Believe, till freed from Nature's Chains,
You're call'd from hence to Heav'n.

Your Rock can never shake ;
 Hither, he said, come up !
 The Helmet of Salvation take,
 The Confidence of Hope :
 Hope for his perfect Love,
 Hope for his promis'd Rest,
 Hope to sit down with Christ above,
 And share the Marriage Feast.

In Fellowship ; alone
 To God with Faith draw near,
 Approach his Courts, besiege his Throne,
 With all the Pow'r of Prayer ;
 Go to his Temple, go,
 Nor from his Altar move ;
 Let every House his Worship know,
 And every Heart his Love.

From Strength to Strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread all the Pow'rs of Darkness down,
 And win the well-fought Day ;
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all his Soldiers, " Come,"
 'Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the Conqu'rors Home.

German

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Wesley.

Panting after God.

THOU hidden Love of God whose Height,
 Whose Depth unfathom'd no Manknows,
 I see from far thy beauteous Light,
 Inly I sigh for thy Repose :
 My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At Rest, till it finds Rest in Thee.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That strives with thee my Heart to share ?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry Motion there :
Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repose in thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live !
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling Lust survive,
In all Things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

Oh Love ! thy sovereign Aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted Care ;
Chace this Self-will thro' all my Heart,
Thro' all its latent Mazes there,
Make me thy duteous Child; that I
Ceaseless may, Abba, Father cry.

Each Moment draw from Earth away,
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call ;
Speak to my inmost Soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taste thy Love be all my Choice.

H Y M N XXXIX.

Adoring JESUS.

O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praise our dear Saviour our Master divine.

Him let us adore,
 Who cover'd with Gore,
 Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and
 (poor.

He worthy is blest'd,
 By Spirits at rest,
 Who once in this Desert, his Godhead confess'd.

The heav'nly Spheres,
 Who saw him in Tears,
 Yea, ev'ry strong Angel his Person reveres.

The Prophets who told
 His Suff'rings of old,
 Sing now sweet Thanksgiving on Psalt'ries of
 (Gold,

The Fathers to whom
 He shew'd he would come,
 Now in his Pavilion, take up their long Home.

The Spirits of Men,
 Who for him were slain.
 From Abel the Righteous, share now in his
 (Reign,

The Apostles who stood,
 Resisting to Blood,
 For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.

The Confessors too,
 Them prostrating low,
 Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully
 (bow.

O Church of the Lamb,
 Here met do the same,
 With Saints, and with Angels, blest Jesus's
 (Name.

My Soul bear a Part,
For ransom'd thou art,
By Jesu's Blood-shedding, his Burial and
(Smart.

To him that was slain,
The scorn'd Nazarene,
Be Glory and Honour, let all say Amen.

H Y M N XL.

St. Cennick.

J U D G M E N T.

LO he cometh ! countless Trumpets,
Blow before the bloody Sign,
'Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels,
See the Crucified shine.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb !

Now his Merit, by the Harpers,
Thro' th' eternal Deep resounds :
Now resplendent shine his Nail-prints,
Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds ;
They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
(they who pierc'd him,
Shall, at his Appearing wail.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth, shall flee away ;
All, who hate him, must, ashamed,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day.
Come to Judgment, come to Judgment,
(come to Judgment,
Stand before the Son of Man.

Saints, who love him, view his Glory,
 Shining in his bruised Face,
 His dear Person on the Rainbow,
 Now his People's Head shall raise.
 Happy Mourners, happy Mourners, happy
 (Mourners,
 Lo, in Clouds, he comes, he comes.

Now Redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn Pomp appear ;
 All his People, once despised,
 Now shall meet him in the Air,
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

View him smiling, now determin'd
 Ev'ry Evil to destroy ;
 All the Nations now shall sing him
 Songs of everlasting Joy.
 O come quickly ! O come quickly ! O come
 (quickly !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

H Y M N XLI.

Jno. Lennick

CHRIST our Great High Priest.

A Good High Priest is come,
 Supplying Aaron's Place,
 And taking up his Room,
 Dispensing Life and Grace :

The Law by Aaron's Priesthood came,
But Grace and Truth by Jesu's Name.

My Lord a Priest is made,
As sware the mighty God,
To Isr'el and his Seed,
Ordain'd to offer Blood.
For Sinners who his Mercy seek,
A Priest, as was Melchisedec.

He once Temptations knew,
Of ev'ry Sort and Kind,
That he might Succour shew
To ev'ry tempted Mind ;
In ev'ry Point the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

He dies, but lives again,
And by the Altar stands ;
There shews how he was slain,
And op'ning his pierc'd Hands.
He 'bides a Priest, and pleads our Cause,
Transgressors of his righteous Laws.

I other Priests disclaim,
And Laws and Offerings too ;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty Work can do :
He shall have all the Praise, for He
Alone, me lov'd, and dy'd for me.

Watts. H Y M N XLII.

At the Death of a Believer.

WHY do we mourn departing Friends,
Or shake at Death's Alarms ?
'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as Time can move ?
Why should we wish the Hours more slow,
That keep us from our Love ?

Why should we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb :
There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned every Bed ;
Where should the dying Members rest,
But with their dying Head ?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our Feet the Way !
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly
At the great rising Day.

H Y M N XLIII.

Watts. Funeral.

TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame ;
I would survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boast,
An Inch or two of Time :
Man is but Vanity and Dust
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,
'They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their Noise is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore :
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

We are but Strangers here below,
As all our Fathers were ;
May we be well prepar'd to go,
When we the Summons hear !

Watts H Y M N XLIV.

The Same.

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this House of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

Oh could we die with those that die,
And place us in their Stead !
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the Dead.

Then should we see the Saints above
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls should love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

Wesley. H Y M N XLV.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

'TIS finish'd ! 'tis done !
 The Spirit is fled,
 The Pris'ner is gone,
 The Christian is dead ;
 The Christian is living,
 In Jesus his Love,
 And gladly receiving
 A Kingdom above.

All Honour and Praise
 Are Jesus's Due ;
 Supported by Grace,
 He fought his Way thro' :
 Triumphantly glorious,
 Thro' Jesus's Zeal,
 And more than victorious,
 O'er Sin, Death, and Hell,

Then let us record
 The conqu'ring Name,
 Our Captain and Lord
 With Shoutings proclaim ;
 Who trust in his Passion,
 And follow our Head,
 To certain Salvation
 We all shall be led.

O Jesus ! load on
 Thy militant Care,
 And give us the Crown
 Of Righteousness there :

Where dazzl'd with Glory
The Seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee
In Silence of Praise.

Come, Lord and display
Thy Sign in the Sky,
And bear us away
To Mansions on high ;
The Kingdom be giv'n,
The Purchase divine,
And crown us in Heav'n
Eternally thine.

H Y M N XLVI.

Wesley. The Same.

HOSANNA to Jesus on high !
Another is enter'd his Rest,
Another is 'scap'd to the Sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's Breast :
The Soul of our Sister is gone
To heighten the Triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus's Throne,
And clasp'd in the Arms of his Love.

How happy the Angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's Name !
The Saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the Feast of the Lamb !
No longer imprison'd in Clay,
Who next from his Dungeon shall fly ?
Who first shall be summon'd away ?
My merciful God—Is it I ?

O Jesus ! If this be thy Will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy Council of Mercy reveal,
And whisper the Call to my Heart.
O give me a Signal to know
If soon thou would'st have me to move,
And leave the dull Body below,
And fly to the Regions of Love.

H Y M N XLVII.

Wesley

The Same.

THANKS be to God, whose faithful Love
Hath call'd another to his Breast :
Translated him to Joys above,
To Mansions of eternal Rest.

By minist'ring Spirits convey'd,
Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky,
He rests ; in Abraham's Bosom laid,
He lives with God, no more to die.

O that we all may thus break thro',
The Crown with holy Violence seize,
The starry Crown to Conquest due,
The Crown of Life and Righteousness !

Will not the righteous Judge bestow
The Prize on all who seek him here ;
And long, while sojourning below,
To see their much-lov'd Lord appear ?

He will, (our Hearts cry out) he will
These eager Wishes more than meet,

These infinite Desires fulfil,
And make our Happiness compleat.

O what a Soul o'erpow'ring Thought !
'Tis Extasy too great to bear !
We all at once shall be up-caught,
And meet our Jesus in the Air.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Wesley. The Same.

AH ! lovely Appearance of Death,
No Sight upon Earth is so fair,
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe
Can with a dead Body compare.
With solemn Delight I survey
The Corps when the Spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in his Stead.

How blest is our Brother, bereft,
Of all that could burthen his Mind ;
How easy the Soul that hath left
This wearisome Body behind !
Of Evil incapable thou,
Whose Relicks with Envy I see ;
No longer in Misery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more
With Sicknefs or shaken with Pain ;
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.

No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
 Shall redden this innocent Clay :
 Extinct is the Animal Flame,
 And Passion is vanish'd away.

This languishing Head is at Rest,
 Its Thinking and Aching are o'er ;
 This quiet immoveable Breast
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more :
 This Heart is no longer the Seat
 Of Trouble and Torturing Pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

The Lids he so seldom could close,
 By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
 These Hollows from Water are free !
 The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
 And Evil they never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a Prison I breathe,
 And still for Deliverance pine,
 And press to the Issues of Death :
 What now with my Tears I bedew,
 O might I this Moment become,
 My Spirit created anew,
 My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb !

H Y M N XLIX.

Wesley. The Same.

JESUS, come ! our dearest Jesus,
 Save us from the World beneath,
 From a Life of Pain release us,
 From a Life of daily Death :
 Listen to the ceaseless Moaning
 Of thy plaintive Turtle-Dove ;
 Answer, Lord, the Spirit's Groaning,
 Take us to our Church above.

Many a Soul is lodg'd before us,
 In the Garner of the Grave :
 Jesus, come ! to Life restore us,
 Us from all our Trouble save ;
 Us, in infinite Compassion,
 To our happier Friends unite,
 Raise us to our highest Station,
 Rank us with thy Saints in Light.

Still we bear about thy Dying,
 In our feeble Bodies here,
 Languishing for thee, and crying
 Light of Life in us appear ;
 Take us to thy kind Embraces,
 To thy heav'nly Banquet lead ;
 Wipe the Sorrow from our Faces,
 Set the Crown upon our Head.

H Y M N L.

Wesley. CHRIST'S Nativity.

ALL Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth,
Be publish'd abroad at Jesus's Birth ;
The forfeited Favour of Heav'n we find
Restor'd in the Saviour and Friend of Mankind.

Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
By Prophets foretold, by Angels ador'd ;
Our God's Incarnation with Angels proclaim,
And publish Salvation in Jesus's Name.

Our newly-born King by Faith we have seen,
And joyfully sing his Goodness to Men,
That all Men may wonder at what we impart,
And thankfully ponder his Love in their Heart.

What mov'd the Most High so greatly to stoop ?
He comes from the Sky, our Souls to lift up ;
That Sinners, forgiven, might happy return
To God and to Heaven ; their Maker is born.

Immanuel's Love let Sinners confess,
Who comes from above to bring us his Peace ;
Let every Believer his Mercy adore,
And praise him forever, when Time is no more.

H Y M N L I.

Wesley. The Same.

AWAY with our Fears !
The Godhead appears
In Christ reconcil'd,
The Father of Mercies in Jesus the Child.

He comes from above
In manifest Love,
The Desire of our Eyes,
The meek Lamb of God, in a Manger he lies.

At Immanuel's Birth,
What a Triumph on Earth !
Yet could it afford
No better a Place for its heav'nly Lord !

The Ancient of Days,
To redeem a lost Race,
From his Glory comes down
Self-humbled, to carry us up to a Crown.

Made Flesh for our Sake,
That we might partake
The Nature Divine,
And again in his Image his Holiness shine.

An heav'nly Birth
Experience on Earth,
And rise to his Throne,
And live with our Jesus eternally one.

Then let us believe,
And gladly receive
The Tidings they bring,
Who publish to Sinners their Saviour and King.

And while we are here,
Our King shall appear ;
His Spirit impart,
And form his full Image of Love in our Heart.

H Y M N LII.

Wesleys The Same.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy People free ;
From our Fears and Sins release us,
Let us find our Rest in thee :
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art ;
Dear Desire of ev'ry Nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring :
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient Merit,
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

H Y M N LIII.

Wesleys. The Same.

LET Angels and Archangels sing
 The wonderful Immanuel's Name ;
 Adore with us our new-born King,
 And still the joyful News proclaim ;
 All Earth and Heaven be ever join'd
 To praise the Saviour of Mankind.

The everlasting God comes down,
 To sojourn with the Sons of Men :
 Without his Majesty or Crown,
 The great Invisible is seen ;
 Of all his dazzling Glories shorn,
 The everlasting God is born !

Angels, behold that Infant's Face,
 With rapt'rous Awe the Godhead own ;
 'Tis all your Heav'n on him to gaze,
 And cast your Crowns before his Throne,
 Tho' now he on his Footstool lies,
 Ye know he built both Earth and Skies.

By him into Existence brought,
 Ye sang the all-creating Word :
 Ye heard him call our World from nought,
 Again, in Honour of our Lord,
 Ye Morning Stars, your Hymns employ,
 And shout ye Sons of God for Joy.

H Y M N LIV.

Wesley.

CHRIST's Incarnation.

ALL-wise, all-good, Almighty Lord,
 Jesus, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
 Ere Time its Course began;
 How did thy glorious Mercy stoop
 To take the fallen Nature up,
 When thou thyself wert Man !

Th' eternal God from Heav'n came down ?
 The King of Glory dropt his Crown,
 And veil'd his Majesty :
 Empty'd of all but Love he came :
 Jesus, I call thee by the Name,
 Thy Pity bore for me.

O holy Child, still let thy Birth
 Bring Peace to us poor Worms of Earth,
 And Praise to God on high !
 Come, thou who didst my Flesh assume,
 Now to the abject Sinner come,
 And in a Manger lie.

Didst thou not in thy Person join
 The Natures Human and Divine,
 That God and Men might be
 Henceforth inseparably one ?
 Hast thou, and make thy Nature known
 Incarnated in me.

In my weak sinful Flesh appear,
O God be manifested here,
Peace, Righteousness and Joy ;
Thy Kingdom, Lord, set up within
My waiting Heart, and all my Sin,
The Devil's Works destroy.

H Y M N LV.

Admiring CHRIST's Love.

YE Children of my God,
Ye dear peculiar Race,
Who're wash'd in Jesu's Blood,
And sav'd thro' Faith by Grace :
Attend and join to tell his Fame,
Whom John the Baptist call'd the Lamb.

From all Eternity
He lov'd the Sinner's Train,
His Love him forc'd to die,
Compell'd him to be slain :
For us, and in our Stead he stood,
With all his Garments roll'd in Blood.

His Heart he set on us
When we were Enemies ;
And on the accursed Cross,
Amidst his Tears and Cries,
He pray'd for us, who us'd him so,
Father, they know not what they do !

He thought upon us when
The Blood run from his Heart,
In all his Grief and Pain,
In all his chiefest Smart :
Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave,
And bare it that he might us save.

Still he remains the same,
His Foes he loves, and cries,
Believe ye in my Name,
Lift up (ye Lost) your Eyes ;
Behold me, and you yet shall live,
I freely will Salvation give.

H Y M N LVI.

O Come let us join,
In Music divine,
The Saviour to laud,
'Tis meet, and fit,
It is charming, and perfectly Sweet,
The Saviour to praise, our Lord and our God ;
'Tis a Pleasure to sing
Of a crucify'd King,
With Courage and Flame,
The Angels that love us,
And Seraphs above us,
Do always the same.
Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
All Heaven throughout,
In sounding his Name.

Come all that are here,
Your Thanksgiving rear,
To Jesus your Chief ;
'Tis good, we should,
It is lovely and better than Food,
It raises our Joy, and banishes Grief :
Then in him we'll rejoice,
Up to him lift our Voice,
And Spirit within.
Who lov'd us so greatly,
To wash us completely

From Guilt and from Sin.
Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
All Heaven throughout,
A Jesus divine !

He's worthy they Cry,
The Lamb that did die ;
So warbles their Tongue,
Let us, do thus,
It is comely his Praise to discuss,
A Theme ever proper by us to be sung ;
'Tis our Duty and Gain,
And it sha'n't be in vain,
His Praise to repeat,
Who Pardon dispenses,
For all our Offences,
Tho' ever so great.
Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
All Heaven throughout,
A Saviour Complete !

All Glory to him,
Who Souls does redeem,
From Converse unfit ;
Agree, do we,
It will ever becoming us be.
Hosanna to Jesus with Joy to transmit ;
To God's dear belov'd Son,
Be all Praise and Renown,
Dominion and Might,
Who Sinners embraces,
And fills them with Graces
To do what is right.
Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
All Heaven throughout,
The Morning-star bright.
Come sing him once more
(We may not give o'er)

For Sinners who pleads,
 Beguil'd, defil'd,
 And to bring them to God reconcil'd,
 He still interceeds, and always succeeds,
 This dear Saviour of Men,
 Let us sing once again,
 Who purges his own
 And makes them all glorious,
 And more than victorious,
 Then gives them a Crown.
 Hark ! hark ! how they shout,
 All Heaven throughout
 The Lamb on the Throne.

To Father, and Son,
 And Dove, Three in One,
 Be Glory and Praise,
 By us, and those,
 Who in glorious celestial Repose,
 Do ceaseless their Songs of Thanksgiving raise:
 May the Three One be sung
 By each Cherubin-Tongue
 Let no Tongue be mute,
 Join Beings celestial,
 And Beings terrestrial,
 The Great and Minute,
 Join all in one Choir,
 The Dove, Son, and Sire,
 With Praise to Salute.

H Y M N LVII.

Praise to CHRIST.

OFSPRING of David, David's Root ;
 Thou Jesse's Stem, and Jesse's Fruit ;
 To Thee propitious, Thee our King,
 The Tribute of our Hearts we bring.

While all thy Mercies we enjoy,
Hymns shall our grateful Lips employ ;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
We'd gladly wait, and love and sing.

Hasten the Time when we shall shine
With Angels, and Archangels join ;
With righteous Spirits gone before,
For ever thy sweet Name t'adore.

With them our ravish'd Souls wou'd rest,
And share with them thy Marriage Feast ;
Among their Number, in their Lays,
We'd pant to join, and thirst to praise.

And while our Souls are thus deny'd,
Lest we should fall, or turn aside,
Jesus, our kind Protection prove,
And love us with eternal Love.

no. Cennick H Y M N LVIII.
M O R N I N G.

RISE, my Soul ! adore thy Maker ;
Angels praise,
Join thy Lays,
With them be Partaker.

Father, Lord of ev'ry Spirit,
In thy Light,
Lead me right
Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

Never cast me from thy Presence,
'Till my Soul
Shall be full
Of thy blessed Essence.

Q

O my Jesus, God Almighty,
Pray for me,
'Till I see
Thee in Salem's City.

Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
Be my Guide,
Lest my Pride
Shut me out of Heaven.

Thou this Night wast my Protector,
With me stay
All the Day
Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all Good,
Life and Food,
Reign ador'd for ever !

Jno. Cennick Grace before Meat.

BE present at our Table Lord,
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd ;
These Creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

Jno. Cennick After Meat.

WE thank thee Lord for this our Food,
But more because of Jesu's Blood ;
Let Manna to our Souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven.

Jo. Cennick H Y M N LIX.

E V E N I N G

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour
 This Day shew'd,
 By my God,
 I will bless my Saviour.

O my Lord what shall I render
 To thy Name,
 Still the same,
 Gracious, good and tender?

Leave me not, but ever love me;
 Let thy Peace
 Be my Bliss,
 Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy Salvation;
 Let thy Care
 Now be near,
 Round my Habitation.

Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r,
 Safely keep
 While I sleep,
 Me with all thy Pow'r.

So when'er in Death I slumber,
 Let me rise
 With the Wise,
 Counted in their Number!

Watts.

H Y M N LX.

Glorying in the Cross.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it Lord that I should boast,
Save in the Death of Christ, my God :
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown !

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

H Y M N LXI.

After Sermon.

OJesu, our Lord,
Thy Name be ador'd
For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy
(Word.

In Spirit we trace,
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And cheerfully join in a Concert of Praise.

The Ancient of Days
His Glory displays,
And shines on his Chosen with cherishing
(Rays.

The Trumpet of God,
Is sounding abroad,
The Language of Mercy, Salvation thro'
(Blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-Day.

The People who know,
The Saviour below,
With burning Affection to worship him glow.

This Blessing be mine,
Thro' Favour divine :
But, O my Redeemer, the Glory be thine.

Wesley. H Y M N LXII.

JESU, shew us thy Salvation,
(In thy Strength we strive with thee);
By thy mystic Incarnation,
By thy pure Nativity :
Save us thou our new Creator,
Into all our Souls impart
Thy divine and holy Nature,
Form thyself within our Heart.

By thy first Blood-shedding heal us ;
Cut us off from ev'ry Sin ;
By thy Circumcision seal us,
Write thy Law of Love within.

By thy Spirit Circumcise us,
Kindle in our Hearts a Flame ;
By thy Baptism baptise us
Into all thy glorious Name.

By thy Fasting and Temptation,
Mortify our vain Desires,
Take away what Sense or Passion,
Appetite or Flesh requires ;
Arm us with thy Self-denial,
Ev'ry tempted Soul defend ;
Save us in the fiery Trial :
Make us faithful to the End.

By thy great and bitter Passion,
By thy Suffering on the Tree,
Save us from the Indignation
Due to all Mankind and me ;
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gasping out thy latest Breath ;
By thy precious Death's applying,
Save us from eternal Death.

By the Pomp of thine ascending,
Live we here to Heaven restor'd,
Live in Pleasures never ending,
Share the Portion of our Lord ;
Let us have our Conversation
With the blessed Sp'rits above ;
Sav'd with all thy great Salvation,
Perfectly renew'd in Love.

Wesley

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H Y M N LXIII.

CHRIST'S Second Coming.

HE comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe :
The seventh Trumpet speaks him near :
The Lightnings flash, the Thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful Soul,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n angelic Voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks
the Saviour's Face !

Descending on his Azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdoms for his own ;
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord,
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail
him, their triumphant Lord.

Shout all the People of the Sky,
And all the Saints of the Most High ;
Our God, who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever Reigns.
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever Reigns.

The Father bless, the Son adore,
The Spirit praise for evermore ;

Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome, Thee Great Three in One.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-
come Thee Great Three in One.

C. Wesley H Y M N LXIV.

The B A C K S L I D E R.

JESU, let thy pitying Eye
Call back a wand'ring Sheep ;
False to thee, like PETER, I
Would fain like PETER weep.
Let me be by Grace restor'd,
On me, be all Long-suffering shewn !
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD;
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

SAVIOUR, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, thro' thy dying Love,
The humble contrite Heart :
Give me, what I have long implor'd,
The Blessing of thy Grief unknown ;
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

See me, SAVIOUR, from above,
Nor suffer me to die,
Life, and Happiness, and Love,
Drop from thy gracious Eye ;

Speak the reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down ;
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld
The Harlot in Distress,
Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in Peace ;
Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy Feet for Mercy groan :
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

Look as when condemn'd for them,
Thou did'st thy Followers see,
“ Daughters of Jerusalem,
“ Weep for Yourselves not Me.”
Am I by my God deplor'd,
And shall I not myself bemoan ?
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

Look as when thy pitious Eye
Was clos'd that we might live,
“ Father (at the Point to die)
My Saviour gasp'd, “ Forgive.”
Surely with that dying Word,
He turns and looks, and cry'd, “ 'Tis done !”

O my Bleeding, loving LORD,
O my Bleeding, loving LORD,
 This breaks my Heart of Stone,
This breaks my Heart of Stone.

C. Wesley. or H Y M N LXV.

Madan An HYMN to the TRINITY.

COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise !
 FATHER All glorious,
 O'er all victorious !
 Come and reign over us,
 ANCIENT OF DAYS.

JESUS our LORD, arise,
 Scatter our Enemies,
 And make them fall !
 Let thine Almighty Aid
 Our sure Defence be made,
 Our Souls on thee be stay'd ;
 Lord hear our Call !

Come Thou Incarnate WORD,
 Gird on thy mighty Sword—
 Our Pray'r attend !
 Come ! and thy People bless,
 And give thy Word Success,
 SPIRIT of Holiness,
 On us descend !

Come, Holy COMFORTER,
 Thy sacred Witness bear

In this glad Hour !
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 SPIRIT OF POW'R !

To the Great ONE IN THREE
 Eternal Praises be
 Hence—evermore !
 His Sov'reign Majesty
 May we in Glory see,
 And to Eternity
 Love and adore !

Lesley H Y M N LXVI.

Christ the Believer's Refuge and Portion.

JESUS, Lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the nearer Waters roll,
 While the Tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 'Till the Storm of Life is past ;
 Safe into the Haven guide,
 O receive my Soul at last !

Other Refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless Soul on thee,
 Leave ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my Trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my Help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless Head
 With the Shadow of thy Wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than All in thee I find ;
 Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
 Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind ;
 Just and holy is thy Name,
 I am all Unrighteousness !
 Vile and full of Sin I am,
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my Sin :
 Let the healing Streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my Heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

Robt. Robinson. H Y M N LXVII.

Desiring to praise worthily.

COME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing !
 Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace !
 Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise ;
 Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
 Sung by flaming Tongues above ;
 Praise the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging Love !

Here I raise my *Eben-Ezer*,
 Hither by thine Help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good Pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at Home ;

Jefus fought me, when a Stranger,
Wandering from the Fold of God ;
He, to refcuc me from Danger,
Interpos'd with precious Blood.

O ! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that Grace, now like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love——
Here's my Heart——O take and feal it !
Seal it from thy Courts above !

H Y M N LXVIII.

Adoring free and fovereign Mercy.

O Lord, how great's the Favour !
That we, fuch Sinners poor,
Can through thy Blood's fweet Savour,
Approach thy Mercy's Door ;
And find an open Paffage
Unto the Throne of Grace,
There wait the welcome Message
That bids us go in Peace.

Lord, we are helpiefs Creatures,
Full of the deepeft Need,
Throughout defil'd by Nature,
Stupid and inly dead ;
Our Strength is perfect Weaknefs,
And all we have is Sin :
Our Hearts are all Uncleannefs,
A Den of Thieves within.

In this forlorn Condition,
 Who shall afford us Aid !
 Where shall we find Compassion,
 But in the Church's Head !
 Jesus thou art all Pity,
 Oh take us to thine Arms,
 And exercise thy Mercy
 To save us from all Harms.

We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless Complaints,
 But ever be entreating
 The Glorious King of Saints :
 Till we attain the Image
 Of him we inly Love,
 And pay our grateful Homage
 With all the Saints above.

Then we with all in Glory,
 Shall thankfully relate,
 Th' amazing pleasing Story
 Of Jesu's Love so great !
 In this blest Contemplation
 We shall for ever dwell ;
 And prove such Consolation
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N LXIX.

Leaning on the Beloved.

MY most indulgent Saviour,
 I long thy Love to find,
 To triumph in thy Favour,
 And know thy Spirit's Mind :

This Grace to me be given,
I nothing more request !
I ask no other Heaven
Than leaning on thy Breast.

The Place of John I covet
More than a Seraph's Throne,
To rest in my Beloved
And Breathe my final Groan.
On thee alone relying
To lose my Sin and Pain,
And on thy Bosom dying
My Life eternal Gain.

Then I with all in Glory,
Shall thankful y relate
Th' amazing pleasing Story
Of Jesu's Love so great :
In this blest Contemplation,
May I for ever dwell.
And share such Consolation,
As none below can tell.

H Y M N LXX.

Gratitude.

WHAT shall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of Life and Pow'r
Teach us to bow the humble Knee,
Teach us with Thankfulness t' adore,
To praise thee as thy Saints above,
To praise thee for thy wond'rous Love.

When like lost Sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye ;

When borne along th' impetuous Tide
Of this World's Sin and Vanity :
Then Jesus from the Heav'ns came down,
To save us by his Grace alone.

He bore our Sins upon the Tree,
To seek and save the Lost he came,
There was he bound to set us free,
From Death, and everlasting Shame ;
The Captive Flock from Hell was freed,
And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful Throne,
Our merciful High-Priest yet stands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd Remnant now demands ;
His People's everlasting Friend,
Who loving—loves them to the End !

May we his banish'd Ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take him as our only Choice,
And cleave to him in Love alone ;
Still growing up in Holiness,
'Till called to meet in Realms of Bliss.

Then shall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away ;
No Sin, no Sorrow shall be found,
No Night o'ercloud the endless Day,
O praise him ! all beneath, above !
O praise him ! praise the God of Love !

H Y M N LXXI.

Langford.

Before Sermon.

NOW begin the Heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name,
Ye who Jesu's Kindness prove,
Triumph in Redeeming Love.

Ye who see the Father's Grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's Face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and blest Redeeming Love.

Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
Now from Bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste Redeeming Love.

Welcome all by Sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred Rest,
Nothing brought Him from above ;
Nothing but Redeeming Love.

He subdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes and ours,
From their cursed Empire drove,
Mighty in Redeeming Love.

Hither then your Music bring,
Strike aloud each chearful String,
Mortals join the Hosts above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

H Y M N LXXII.

Wesley, altered

Panting after Jesus.

THOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,
The Joy of the Upright in Heart,
For closer Communion they pine,
Still, still to reside where thou art ;
The Pasture, O ! when shall we find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed on thy Bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the Heat of the Day.

Ah, shew us that happiest Place,
That Place of thy People's abode,
Where Saints in an Extasy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God :
Thy Love for lost Sinners declare,
Thy Passion and Death on the Tree,
Our Spirits to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,
There only we'd covet to rest,
'To lie at the Foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy Breast ;
'Tis there we would always abide,
And never a Moment depart,
Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,
Eternally held in thy Heart.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Giving up the Heart to the Lord.

TAKE my poor Heart, just as it is,
Set up therein thy Throne ;
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

Compleat thy Work, and crown thy Grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that small still Voice,
Which only Whispers Love :

Which teaches me what is thy Will,
And tells me what to do ;
Which covers me with Shame, when I
Do not thy Will pursue.

This Unction may I ever feel,
This Teaching from my Lord,
And learn Obedience to thy Voice,
Thy Soul-reviving Word !

H Y M N LXXIV.

Praising the Glory of the Grace of God.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those,
Who feel they Sinners are !
Sunk and distressed, they taste and know
Their Heav'n is only there !

Thus *Grace*, free *Grace* most sweetly calls,
“ Directly come, who will ;
“ Just as you are ; for Christ receives
“ Poor helpless Sinners still !”

We thirst, O Lord ! give us each Day,
To taste more of this *Grace* ;
More of that Stream, which from the Rock
Flow'd through the Wilderness.

Where'er eternal Life is giv'n,
This Thirst the same will be !
The Heart will after Jesus pant
To all Eternity.

'Tis *Grace* alone that feeds our Souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor ;
And, Oh ! that nothing else but *Grace*
May rule for evermore !

H Y M N LXXV.

Infinitely condescending Love.

LOVE brought down God's dear only Son
Into a Virgin's Womb,
Love nail'd him to th' accursed Tree,
And laid him in a Tomb.

Through ev'ry Action, suff'ring too,
The Law of Kindness-reign'd,
Love op'd those gashly Wounds thro' which
His precious Life was drain'd.

Love took him to his Father's Throne,
There to prepare us Room,
And Love will bring him down again,
To fetch us to his Home.

Wesley. H Y M N LXXVI.

SON of God ! thy Blessing grant,
Still supply our ev'ry Want,
Tree of Life thine Influence shed,
With thy Sap our Spirits feed !

Tend'rest Branch, alas ! am I,
Wither without Thee, and die ;
Weak as helpless Infancy——
O confirm our Souls in Thee !

Unfustain'd by Thee we fall !
Send the Strength for which we call !
Weaker than a bruised Reed,
Help we ev'ry Moment need.

All our Hope on Thee depend,
Love us ! save us to the End !
Give us the continuing Grace—
Take the everlasting Praise !

Willinghall. H Y M N LXXVII.

CHRIST the Believer's Refuge.

IN ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong,
My Soul to Jesus flies,
My Anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling Billows rise.

His Comforts bear my Spirits up,
I trust a faithful God,
The sure Foundation of my Hope,
Is in a Saviour's Blood.

Loud Hallelujah's sing my Soul
To thy Redeemer's Name,
In Joy, in Sorrow, Life and Death,
His Love is still the same.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

C. Wesley.

2 Kings x. 15.

Before Sacrament.

COME, let us ascend,
My Companion and Friend,
To taste of the Banquet above;
If thine Heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the Chariot of Love.

Who in Jesus confide,
They are bold to outride,
The Storms of Affliction beneath :
With the Prophet they soar
To that heav'nly Shore,
And outfly all the Arrows of Death.

By Faith we are come
To our permanent Home,
By Hope we the Rapture improve ;
By Love we still rise,
And look down on the Skies,
For the Heaven of Heavens is Love !

Who on Earth can conceive,
How happy we live,
In the City of God the great King !
What a Concert of Praise,
When our Jesus's Grace,
The whole heavenly Company sing !

What a rapturous Song,
When the glorify'd Throng
In the Spirit of Harmony join ;
Join all the glad Choirs,
Hearts, Voices, and Lyres,
And the Burden is Mercy divine !

Hallelujah they cry,
To the King of the Sky,
To the great everlasting I AM !
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

H Y M N LXXIX.

J. Allen.

The Same.

FAithful Bridegroom, holy Lamb !
By thy Church beloved,
Manifest thy sweetest Name,
To each Heart approved.

Crown this Ordinance of thine
With a solemn Blessing ;
Let our Feast be all divine,
Each thyself possessing !

Let thy Flesh afford us Food,
Ev'ry Grace to strengthen :
Let our Drink be Jesu's Blood,
Nature's Pow'r to weaken.

Cause that bleeding Sacrifice
Once for Sinners given,
To appear before our Eyes,
Earnest of our Heaven !

We partake the Bread and Wine,
Seals of our Profession ;
Of the inward Grace the Sign,
Symbals of thy Passion.

We commemorate thy Death,
While we are receiving,
Feeding in our Hearts by Faith,
With unfeign'd Thanksgiving.

May we thus our Time employ,
While below we tarry ;
'Till our Souls t' unfading Joy,
Angels come to carry.

H Y M N LXXX.

After the Sacrament.

LORD, accept our feeble Praise
For the Banquet given ;
'Tho' unworthy, we would raise
Hearts and Hands to Heaven.

Of the Streams of Grace Divine
We have now been tasting ;
On the Bread, and mystic Wine,
With rich Comfort feasting.

Meat indeed thy Flesh we find,
Drink thy Blood so precious ;
Jesus, Saviour, thou art kind,
Merciful and gracious !

On our guilty Souls thy Rod
Fall with gentle Chidings ;
And thou healest with thy Blood,
All our great Backslidings.

May we to thy bleeding Cross,
Soul and Body fasten ;
All for Jesus count but Loss,
To his coming hasten !

Take our Hearts so often blest,
Yet so oft rebelling :
Let them on thy Bosom rest,
In thy Wounds still dwelling !

Now, O Lord, that we have fed
On thy Body broken,
Bruise within the *Serpent's Head*,
Of thy Love the Token.

None from Trials are below
Totally exempted,
All-sufficient Grace bestow,
Succour, Lord, the tempted !

Guard us from the Tempter's Wiles,
From the Sin of Judas ;
From the World's deceitful Smiles,
'Till to Heav'n thou lead us.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Ascribing all Glory to God for every
Mercy.

GLORY to our gracious Donor,
For his Mercies ever new !
His alone be all the Honour !
Nothing we confess our Due :
O the ceaseless Mercies flowing
From thy Grace's boundless Store :—
May our thankful Hearts be glowing
With thy Love, still more and more !
S

Thy kind Hand hath oft' afforded
 To our Wants a rich Supply ;
 We are ev'ry Day supported
 By thy providential Eye.
 May we, Lord, as some Requital,
 Thankful Hearts to Jesus raise,
 In his wond'rous Love's recital :
 Consecrate to him our Days !

Thou, an Hunger hast created
 In our Hearts for living Bread ;
 May it never be abated,
 'Till our precious Souls are fed !
 Open Lord the Ark, where hidden
 Jesus our true Manna lies ;
 Are not hungry Spirits bidden
 To that Feast of Paradise ?

O thou Friend of Sinners, pity
 Thirsty Travellers, who go
 To an unseen distant City,
 Thro' a parched Vale below !
 O supply each fainting Spirit,
 With the Streams of purest Love :
 'Till our Canaan we inherit,
 In thy Fulness lost above !

Watts, altered H Y M N LXXXII.
 For Easter Day.

HE dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !
 Lo Salem's Daughters weep around !
 A solemn Darkness veils the Skies ;
 A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground !

Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your Load !
He shed a thousand Drops for you !
A thousand Drops of richer Blood !

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for Men !
But lo ! what sudden Joys we see !
Jesus the Dead revives again !
The rising God forsakes the Tomb !
The Tomb in vain forbids his rise !
Cherubic Legions guard him Home,
And shout him welcome to the Skies !

Break off your Tears ye Saints ! and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
And led the Monster Death in Chains :
Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King !"
" Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the Monster—" Where's thy Sting ?"
" And where's thy Victory boasting Grave ?"

H Y M N LXXXIII.

The Efficacy of the precious Blood of
Jesus.

IS there a Thing that moves and breaks,
A Heart as hard as Stone,
Or warms a Heart as cold as Ice ?
'Tis Jesu's Blood alone :

One Drop of this can truly cheer,
And heal the wounded Soul ;
What Multitudes of broken Hearts
This living Stream makes whole !

Hark ! O my Soul ! What sing the Choirs
Around the glorious Throne !
Hark ! the *slain Lamb* for evermore,
Sounds in the sweetest Tone :
The Elders there cast down their Crowns,
And all, both Night and Day,
Sing Praise to him who shed his Blood,
And wash'd their Guilt away.

And this while here, will we proclaim,
Chearful in our Degree,
That thro' the Blood of God's dear Lamb,
Sinners may pardon'd be ;
But thou, O Lord ! make ev'ry Day,
Thy Grace to us more sweet,
'Till we behold thy wounded Side,
And worship at thy Feet.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Wesley.

The Year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn Sound ;
Let all the Nations know,
To Earth's remotest Bound,
The Year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home !

The Gospel Trumpet hear,
The News of heav'nly Grace;
Ye happy Souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's Face;
The Year of Jubilee is come,
Return, to your eternal Home !

Jesus our great High Priest
Hath full Atonement made ;
Ye weary Spirits rest,
Ye mourning Souls be glad !
The Year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home !

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb,
Redemption in his Blood
Throughout the World proclaim,
The Year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal Home !

ps. Allen H Y M N LXXXV.

They shall look on me whom they have
pierced, and mourn.—Zach. xii. 10.

LADEN with Guilt, Sinners arise,
And view your bleeding Sacrifice ;
Each purple Drop proclaim there's Room,
And bids the Poor and Needy come !

Beneath your Crimes the Victim stood ;
Sign'd your Acquittances in Blood ;
Hereby stern Justice is pleas'd ;
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd !

Mercy, Truth, Peace and Righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's Face ;
Here look, 'till Love dissolve your Heart,
And bid your slavish Fears depart.

Oh ! quit the World's delusive Charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's Arms ;
Wrestle untill your God is known,
'Till you can call the Lord your own.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

Watts, altered

PSALM C.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy !

His Sov'reign Power, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men ;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again !

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise ;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

Wide as the World is thy Command ;
Vast as Eternity thy Love !
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move !

H Y M N LXXXVII.

Wesley

Isaiah lv. 1. &c.

HO ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen Race)
Mercy, and free Salvation buy,
Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel Grace.

Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Call,
Return, ye weary Wand'ers Home,
And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

See, from the Rock a Fountain rise,
For you in healing Streams it rolls,
Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick Souls !

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind,
Frankly the Gift of God receive
Pardon and Peace in Jesus find.

Watts

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

THERE is a Land of pure Delight,
Where Saints immortal reign ;
Infinite Day excludes the Night,
And Pleasure banish Pain.

There everlasting Springs abides,
And never-with'ring Flow'rs :

Death, like a narrow Sea, divides
This heav'nly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood,
Stand dress'd in living Green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous Mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow Sea,
And linger, thiv'ring on the Brink,
Afraid to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our Doubts remove,
Those gloomy Doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded Eyes.

* Could we but climb, where Moses stood,
And view the Landskip o'er,
Not Jordan's Stream, nor Death's cold Flood,
Should fright us from the Shore.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

The Supposed Song of a Soul just
entered Heaven.

WHY was unbelieving I,
Trembling so afraid to die !
Now my Feet in Safety stand,
Here within the promis'd Land.

Hallelujah.

O what wond'rous Grace is here !
Now I'm safe from ev'ry Fear,

Sin and Doubts are ever gone,
Sighing shall no more be known.

Hallelujah.

Henceforth, neither Grief nor Pain,
Here successive Pleasures reign ;
All Things our Hosannahs raise,
O the Glories of this Place !

Hallelujah.

O ye perfect happy Ones,
Let me try to join your Tunes !
Come let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his Name.

Hallelujah.

He our full Redemption wrought,
He for us this Glory bought,
From the Earth, he calls us Home,
To our Father's House we're come.

Hallelujah.

Oft in Kedar's Tents I try'd,
When my God his Face did hide,
With my Friends to raise this Song,
But it languish'd on my Tongue.

Hallelujah.

Jesus now unveils his Face :
Here I shout of Sov'reign Grace,
Fill'd with Love incessant cry
To his Praise in Raptures high.

Hallelujah.

O my drooping Friends below,
Did you half this Glory know,

Daily would ye stretch the Wing,
Here to fly, and thus to sing.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N XC.

CHRIST All in All.

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price,
My Heart doth sing for Joy :
And sing I must, A Christ I have,
Oh what a Christ have I !

My Christ, he is the Lord of Lords,
He is the King of Kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With Healing in his Wings.

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,
My Physic, and my Health ;
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
My Glory and my Wealth.

Christ is my Father, and my Friend,
My Brother, and my Love ;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

My Christ he is the Heaven of Heaven,
My Christ what shall I call ?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last
My Christ is All in All.

All Glory to the God of Love,
One God in Persons Three ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal Glory be.

H Y M N XCI.

Watts. The Same.

MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to Thee I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in All.

Thy shining Grace can cheer,
This Dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis Hell.

The Smilings of thy Face,
How amiable they are ?
'Tis Heaven to rest in thine Embrace,
And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee Alone,
The Angels owe their Bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious Throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the Harps above
Can make a Heav'nly Place,
If God his Residence remove,
Or but conceal his Face ;

Nor Earth, nor all the Sky,
Can one Delight afford ;
No, not a Drop of real Joy,
Without thy Presence, Lord.

Thou art the Sea of Love
Where all my Pleasures roll,

The Circle where my Passions move
And Centre of my Soul.

To thee my Spirits fly
With infinite Desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie ;
Dear Jesus raise me nigher.

In Dod Dridge.

H Y M N XCII.

CHRIST Precious to a Believer.

JESUS, I love thy charming Name,
'Tis Music to my Ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That Earth and Heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my Soul,
My Transport, and my Trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy Toys,
And Gold is sordid Dust.

All my capacious Pow'r can wish
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to my Eyes is Life so dear,
Nor Friendship half so sweet.

O may thy Grace still cheer my Heart ;
And shed its Fragrance there !
The noblest Baln of all its Wounds,
The Cordial of its Care.

I'll speak the Honours of the Name
With my last lab'ring Breath ;
When Speechless, clasp thee in my Arms,
My Joy in Life and Death !

*Wesley
from the
German*

H Y M N XCIII.

CHRIST our Righteousness.

JESU, thy Blood and Righteousness,
My Beauty are, my glorious Dress,
'Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,
With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

When from the Dust of Death I rise,
To claim my Mansion in the Skies ;
Ev'n then shall this be all my Plea,
" Jesus hath Liv'd, hath Dy'd for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who ought to my Charge shall lay ?
Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
Saviour of Sinners thee proclaim :
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

This spotless Robe the same appears,
When ruin'd Nature sink in Years ;
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

Watts

H Y M N XCIV.

A divine Rapture.

FROM thee, my God, my Joys shall rise,
And run eternal Rounds,
Beyond the Limits of the Skies,
And all created Bounds.

The holy Triumph of my Soul
Shall Death itself out-brave,
Leave dull Mortality behind,
And fly beyond the Grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In Heav'n's unmeasur'd Space,
I'll spend a long Eternity,
In Pleasure and in Praise.

Millions of Years my wand'ring Eyes
Shall o'er thy Beauties rove,
And endless Ages I'll adore
The Glories of thy Love.

Sweet Jesus, ev'ry Smile of thine
Shall fresh Endearments bring,
And thousand Tastes of new Delight,
From all thy Graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my Soul
Up, to thy blest'd Abode :
Fly, for my Spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.

Watts H Y M N XCV.

God our only Happiness.

MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All ;
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this Earthly Ball.

What empty Things are all the Skies,
And this inferior Clod !
There's nothing here deserves my Joys,
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning Sun,
Scatters his feeble Light :
'Tis thy sweet Beams create my Noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.

And whilst upon my restless Bed,
Amidst the Shades I roll ;
If my Redeemer shews his Head,
'Tis Morning with my Soul.

To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends,
And Health, and safe Abode ;
We praise thy Name for all these Things,
But they are not my God.

How vain a Toy is glitt'ring Wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee !
And what's my Safety, or my Health,
Or all my Friends to me ?

Were I Possessor of the Earth,
And call'd the Stars my own ;

Without my Jesus, and thyself,
I were a Wretch undone.

Let others stretch their Arms like Seas,
And grasp in all the Shore ;
Grant me the Visits of thy Face,
And I desire no more.

H Y M N XCVI.

A Sinner's Prayer.

GOD of my Salvation, hear,
And help me to believe :
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy Blessings to receive :
Full of Guilt, alas, I am,
But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee ;
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine Eye,
Balm of all my Grief and Pain,
Thy Blood is always nigh :
Now, as Yesterday the same,
Thou art and will for ever be,
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy Grace procure,
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and Ashes is my Name,
My All is Sin and Misery ;
Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Without Money, without Price,
 I come thy Love to buy ;
 From myself I turn my Eyes,
 The Chief of Sinners I.
 Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in thee,
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

H Y M N XCVII.

p. Allen.

Setting at JESU's Feet.

SWEET the Moments, rich in Blessing,
 Which before the Cross I spend ;
 Life, and Health, and Peace possessing,
 From the Sinner's dying Friend.
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's Streams in Streams of Blood :
 Precious Drops my Soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my Peace with God.

Truly blessed is this Station,
 Low before his Cross to lie :
 While I see divine Compassion
 Floating in his languid Eye.
 Here it is I find my Heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much, I've much forgiven,
 I'm a Miracle of Grace.

Love and Grief my Heart dividing,
 With my Tears his Feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in Faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his Death.

May I still enjoy this Feeling,
In all Need to Jesus go !
Prove his Wounds each Day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

H Y M N XCVIII.

Jas. Allen.

Communion with JESUS.

COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each Spark into a Flame ;
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name :
Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
May our Hearts in Rapture move :
Feel new Grace in them still springing,
Breathe the Air of purest Love.

Let us sail in Grace's Ocean,
Float on that unbounded Sea,
Guided into pure Devotion,
Kept from Paths of Error free :
On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,
Screen'd from ev'ry envious Foe :
Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding,
All for thee we would forego.

Keep us, Lord, still in Communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee ;
Sinking in the sweetest Union,
Of that Heart-felt Mystery :
Keep us safe from each Delusion,
Well protected from all Harms ;
Free from Sin, and all Confusion,
Circle us within thine Arms.

H Y M N XCIX.

Watts

Justification by Faith.

VAIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men,
On their own Works have built,
Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
And all their Actions Guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths
Without a murm'ring Word,
And the whole Race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous Law
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the Law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is thy Grace,
When in thy Name we trust !
Our Faith receives a Righteousness
That makes the Sinner just.

H Y M N C.

unbold. This is the Victory that overcometh the
World, even our Faith.

O Tell me no more
Of this World's vain Store ;
The Time for such Trifles with me now is o'er.

A Country I've found,
Where true Joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.

No Mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What Light, Strength, and Comfort : go
(after him, go.

Lo ! onward I move,
And but Christ above,
None guesses how wond'rous my Journey will
(prove.

Great Spoils I shall win
From Death, Hell, and Sin :
Midst outward Affliction, shall feel Christ
(within.

Perhaps for his Name,
Poor Dust as I am,
Some Works I shall finish with glad loving
(Aim.

I still (which is best)
Shall in his dear Breast,
As at the Beginning, find Pardon and Rest.

And when I'm to die,
" Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in Glory, and leave me behind.

H Y M N C I.

The Love of CHRIST constraineth us.

Watts.

2 Cor. v. 14.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast ;
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas ! is all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear ;
Our Stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.

'Tis Love that makes our active Feet
In swift Obedience move ;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot Love.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings.
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,
Or leave this poor Abode,
The Wings of Love, bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

H Y M N CII.

Following CHRIST, the Sinner's Way
Pro. Bennet. to GOD.

JESUS, my All to Heaven is gone,
He that I plac'd my Hopes upon :
His Track I see—and I'll pursue
The narrow Way, till him I view.

The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment,
The King's High-way of Holiness,
I'll go ; for all the Paths are Peace.

This is the Way I long have fought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My Grief, my Burthen, long have been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.

The more I strove against its Pow'r,
I finn'd and stumbled but the more :
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither Soul, for I'm the Way."

Lo glad I come, and thou dear Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,
Yet help me, and thy Praise I'll live.

I'll tell to all poor Sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And say, " Behold the Way to God."

Joseph Hart. H Y M N CIII.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of Pity, join'd with Pow'r.
He is able, he is able, he is able :
He is willing : doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come and welcome :
God's free Bounty glorify,
True Belief, and true Repentance,
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh.
Without Money, without Money, without
(Money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not Conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of Fitness fondly dream,
 All the Fitness he requireth,
 Is, to feel your Need of Him :
 This he gives you, this he gives you, this he
 (gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising Beam.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall ;
 If you tarry, till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the Righteous, not the Righteous, not
 (the Righteous ;
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

View him grov'ling in the Garden :
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies,
 On the bloody Tree behold him :
 Hear him cry, before he dies ;
 It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd ;
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?

Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the Merit of his Blood ;
 Venture on him, venture wholly ;
 Let no other Trust intrude.
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but
 (Jesus,
 Can do helpless Sinners good.

Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,
 Sing the Praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful Seats of Heaven
 Sweetly echo with his Name.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may sing the same.

H Y M N CIV.

CHRIST's Call and (through Grace) the
Sinners Acceptance.

JESU, thou dost cry aloud,
Sinners hasten to my Blood,
Though as black as Hell within,
Yet my Blood shall wash you clean.

View me, in the Manger lying,
View me panting, bleeding, dying,
In my pierced Side here's Room,
Ev'ry Drop of Blood cries come.

Lord I hear thy gracious Call,
Prostrate at thy Feet I fall,
All poor Sinners, thou call'st Home,
I'm a Sinner, lo I come.

Satan Lord hath me distress'd,
I am naked, void of Rest,
All my Nature's full of Sin,
O I'm all unclean, unclean.

Yes, my Child, I know it all,
But thy Guilt on me did fall ;
By the shedding of my Blood,
Thou art reconcil'd to God.

Art thou naked in Distress,
Here's the Robe of Righteousness,
Here's my Blood to cleanse thy Heart :
Cloath thee, wash thee, mine thou art.

Satan hearest thou thy Doom,
Jesus my Deliv'rer's come ;
Passion, Unbelief, and Pride,
Hence be gone, for Christ has dy'd.

Hail ! my Jesus, Lord and God,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood,
Thou didst give thyself for me,
Lo, I give myself to thee.

H Y M N CV.

Watts Doubts Scattered.

HENCE from my Soul, sad Thoughts be
And leave me to my Joys ; (gone
My Tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful Noise.

Darkness and Doubts had veiled my Mind,
And drown'd my Head in Tears,
Till sov'reign Grace, with shining Rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy Fears.

Oh ! what immortal Joys I felt,
And Raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved mine.

In vain the Tempter frights my Soul,
And breaks my Peace in vain ;
One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face,
Revives my Joys again.

H Y M N CVI.

Wesley

They crucified him.

O Love divine, what hast thou done !
 Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me :
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my Sins upon the Tree :
 Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd ;
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace !
 Come, see ye Worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever Grief like his !
 Come, feel with me his Blood apply'd,
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.

Is crucify'd for me and you,
 To bring us Rebels back to God :
 Believe, believe the Record true,
 That we are bought with Jesu's Blood ;
 Pardon and Life flow from his Side,
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.

Then let us sit beneath his Cross,
 And gladly catch the healing Stream !
 All Things for him account but Loss,
 And give up all our Hearts to him ;
 Of nothing speak or think beside,
 My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

HYMN CVII.

Wesley. CALVARY.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding Love
 We now recall to Mind,
 Send the Answer from above,
 And let us Mercy find :
 Think on us, who think on thee,
 And ev'ry struggling Soul release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace.

By thine agonizing Pain,
 And bloody Sweat we pray ;
 By thy dying Love to Man,
 Take all our Sins away :
 Burst our Bonds, and set us free,
 From all Iniquity release :
 O remember, &c.

Let thy Blood by Faith apply'd,
 The Sinner's Pardon seal ;
 Speak us freely justify'd,
 And all our Sickness heal,
 By thy Passion on the Tree,
 Let all our Grievs and Troubles cease ;
 O remember, &c.

Never would we hence depart,
 'Till thou our Wants relieve ;
 Write Forgiveness on our Hearts,
 And all thine Image give,
 Still our Souls shall cry to thee,
 'Till all renew'd in Holiness ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace.

J. Hart.

H Y M N CVIII.

The Stony Heart.

OH ! for a Glance of heav'nly Day,
To take this stubborn Stone away,
And thaw with Beams of Love divine
This Heart, this frozen Heart of mine.

The Rocks can rent ; the Earth can quake ;
The Seas can roar ; the Mountains shake ;
Of Feeling all Things shew some Sign ;
But this unfeeling Heart of mine.

To hear the Sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an Adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving Line,
And nothing move this Heart of mine.

Thy Judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing Thought !) which Devils fear,
Goodness and Wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid Heart of mine.

But something yet can do the Deed :
And that dear something much I need,
Thy Spirit can from Dross refine,
And move and melt this Heart of mine.

H Y M N CIX.

The Same.

WHEN shall my frozen Heart revive,
When shall my Soul begin to live ;
Fetter'd with Sin, oppress'd with Death,
I pant, yet hopeless pant for Breath.

Yet against Hope, I fain wou'd hope,
O that the Lord would raise me up;
Wou'd all my Unbelief destroy,
And let me taste his People's Joy.

Come Breath of Life, inspire my Soul,
On me let Streams of Mercy roll;
I know a tender Glance from thee,
Can set my burthen'd Spirit free.

Peter's Experience tells me so,
Tells me what Jesu's Look can do;
The harden'd Heart at once it turns,
The Icy Soul it melts and burns.

Lord kindly reach this Heart of mine,
I'd pant to be intirely thine,
To have thy Spirit rule in me,
And bring me into Liberty.

H Y M N CX.

CHRIST is All in All.

TO all my *Vileness*, Christ is *Glory* bright,
To all *Mis'ries*, infinite *Delight*—
To all my *Ign'rance*, *Wise* without compare,
To my *Deformity*, the Eternal *Fair*—
Sight to my *Blindness*—To my *Meaness*, *Wealth*;
Life to my *Death*—and to my *Sickness*, *Health*;
To *Darkness*, *Light*—my *Liberty* in *Thrall*—
What shall I say—my Christ is *All in All*!

H Y M N CXI.

At the coming of a Minister.

WELCOME, welcome, blessed Servant,
 Messenger of Jesu's Grace !
 O how beautiful the Feet of
 Him that brings good News of Peace.
 Welcome Herald, welcome Herald, &c.
 Priest of God, thy People's Joy.

Saviour, bless his Message to us,
 Give us Hearts to hear the Sound
 Of Redemption, dearly purchas'd
 By thy Death and precious Wounds,
 O reveal it, O reveal it, &c.
 To our poor and helpless Souls.

Give reward of Grace and Glory
 To thy faithful Labourer dear,
 Let the Incense of our Hearts be
 Offer'd up in Faith and Prayer,
 Bless, O bless him ; bless, O bless him, &c.
 Now henceforth for evermore.

H Y M N CXII.

Watts

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his Cause,
 Maintain the Honour of his Word,
 The Glory of his Cross.

Jesus, my God ; I know his Name,
His Name is all my Trust ;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
Nor let my Hope be lost.

Firm as his Throne, his Promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
'Till the decisive Hour.

Then will he own my worthless Name,
Before his Father's Face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my Soul a Place.

H Y M N CXIII.

Watts.

CHRIST'S Dying Love.

HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son !
Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,
And Pity brought him down.

(When Justice, by our Sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful Sword,
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,
Without a murmuring Word.)

(He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raise us to his Throne ;
There's not a Gift his Hand bestows,
But cost his Heart a Groan.)

This was Compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His Love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let our Souls forget.

H Y M N CXIV.

For a Minister confin'd from attending the
Ordinances on the Lord's Day.

IN silent Sadness I'm condemn'd
To spend this sacred Day,
Not suffer'd to approach thy Courts,
To Sing, and Preach, and Pray.

My willing Feet with Joy have trod
Thy Palaces of Grace ;
{The Dwellings of my King, my God}
Where Saints behold thy Face.

To Zion's op'ning Gates this Day
Th' assembling Armies move,
The Gospel-Trumpet sweetly sounds,
With Pardon, Peace and Love.

Thy blessed Saints with Hearts and Tongues,
Unite to speak thy Praise,
With Ears and Hearts in Rapture held
By Messages of Grace.

May they thy Glories Lord behold,
And feed on Heav'nly Food ;
May living Waters fill their Souls,
And Grace and Strength renew'd.

Whilst I'm a Pris'ner in thy Chains,
In Darkness, Grief and Pain,
May I one Beam of Love divine,
One Crumb of Grace obtain.

May Mercy's Hand direct thy Rod,
Thy Pow'r my Soul uphold,
The Dross and Tin purge all away,
And brighten all the Gold.

May ev'ry Sin be now destroy'd ;
And ev'ry Grace made strong ;
Give Health, and Ease, and Strength again,
And Grace shall be my Song.

H Y M N CXV.

For a Public Fast.

LORD, look on all assembled here ;
Who in thy Presence stand,
To offer up united Pray'r
For this our sinful Land.

Oft have we, each in private, pray'd,
Our Country might find Grace,
Now hear the same Petitions made
In this appointed Place.

Or, if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their Sin,
They have not cry'd for Mercy yet ;
Lord let them now begin.

Thou, by whose Death poor Sinners live,
By whom their Pray'rs succeed,
Thy Spir't of Supplication give,
And we shall pray indeed.

We will not slack ; nor give thee rest ;
But importune thee so,
That, 'till we shall be by thee blest,
We will not let thee go.

Great God of Hosts, Deliv'rance bring,
Guide those that hold the Helm ;
Support the State ; preserve the King ;
And spare the guilty Realm.

Or should the dread Decree be past,
And we must feel thy Rod ;
May Faith and Patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

Whatever be our destin'd Case,
Accept us in thy Son ;
Give us his Gospel, and his Grace ;
And then thy Will be done.

H Y M N CXVI.

Ascribing to God the Praise of our
Salvation.

HOW empty was our former Boast,
Our Foolishness of Pride,
When in ourselves we put our Trust,
And on our Works rely'd !

Strong in the Freedom of our Will,
 Firm in our Nature's Pow'rs,
 We thought to gain the heav'nly Hill,
 And seize the Crown as ours.

Our good Desires, our Hearts sincere,
 Our best Endeavours stood,
 T' atone for our Transgression here,
 In Place of Jesu's Blood.

Alas for us : we knew not then
 His Blood and Righteousness,
 Thro' which alone the Sons of Men
 Are sav'd by richest Grace.

But now, O gracious God, thy Love,
 Hath taught us better Things ;
 Our All is giv'n us from above,
 From Thee Salvation springs.

Freely thy Love delights to save,
 And ransoms without Price,
 But only that which Jesus gave,
 Our bleeding Sacrifice.

We own the sole-procuring Cause,
 That precious Blood divine ;
 And since our Jesus dy'd for us,
 May we live ever Thine !

Hart. GLORIA PATRI.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
 Whose Love is as large as his Pow'r,
 And neither knows Measure nor End.
 'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe Home,
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

PRaise God, from whom all Blessings flow
Praise him, all Creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Interlude

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be Glory as it was is now,
And shall be evermore.

Wesley

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heav'nly Host
To praise thee evermore.
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All Glory be to thee.

Wesley

SING we to our God above,
Praise, eternal as his Love ;
Praise him, all ye heav'nly Host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Wesley

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Curse t' remove,
To that blest Spirit who Life imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts,
Be endless Glory, Praise and Love.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Be Praise amidst the heav'nly Host,
And in the Church below ;
From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,
By whom Redemption blest the Earth,
From whom all Comforts flow.

Watts
GIVE to the Father Praise,
 Give Glory to the Son,
 And to the Spirit of his Grace,
 Be equal Honour done.

Watts
TO God the Father's Throne,
 Perpetual Honours raise ;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise ;
 With all our Pow'rs,
 Eternal King,
 Thy Name we sing,
 While Faith adores.

Cennick Dismission.

NO farther go to Night, but stay,
 Dear Saviour, 'till the Break of Day;
 Turn in, dear Lord, with me ;
 And in the Morning, when I wake,
 Me in thine Arms, my Jesus take,
 And I'll go on with Thee.

Cennick The Same.

I Will lay me down to sleep,
 And safely take my Rest ;
 Me commend to Jesu's Grace,
 And as upon his Breast.
 So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,
 While Troops of Angels are my Guard ;
 O, my Shepherd, love and keep,
 And be my great Reward.

The Same.

NONE but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore ;
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for evermore.

None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth, our Praise may claim :
None but Jesüs call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb !

J. Hart.

The Same.

Dismiss us with thy Blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy Word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy Truth within us live.

Tho' we are Guilty, thou art Good,
Wash all our Works in Jesu's Blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd Soul release,
And bid us all depart in Peace.

Watts

The Same.

Salvation ! O the joyful Sound !
'Tis Pleasure to our Ears !
A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears !

Salvation ! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

unknown

C H O R U S.

Glory, Honour, Praise and Power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever.
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praise the Lord.

Wm. Hammond.

The Same.

IF Jesus is yours, You have a true Friend,
His Goodness endures, The same to the End.
Your Tempers may vary, Your Comforts
(decline,
You cannot miscarry, Your Aid is Divine.



SUPPLEMENT.

W. Williams H Y M N CXVII.

CHRIST a sure Guide.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, thro' this barren Land,
I am Weak, but thou art Mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'ful Hand,
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heav'n,
Feed me 'till I want no more.

Open now the cryстал Fountain;
Whence the healing Streams do flow :
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar,
Lead me all my Journey through,
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious Fear subside ;
Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's Side,
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
I will ever give to thee.

H Y M N CXVIII.

A warm Coal for a cold Heart.

MUSING on my Habitation,
 Musing on my Heav'nly Home,
 Fills my Soul with holy Longing,
 Come, my Jesus, quickly come ;
 Vanity is all I see,
 Lord ! I long to be with thee.

H Y M N CXIX.

A whole Heart for CHRIST.

LORD make me faithful to my Call,
 In Heart still truly give up All,
 Myself to thee resign :
 When Dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 Never thy Will decline.

My Feet with holy Oil anoint,
 The destin'd Path, thou dost appoint,
 Gladly I then will tread ;
 Bedew me with a genial Show'r,
 Into my Heart thy Influence pour
 With living Manna fed.

A single Eye, a faithful Heart,
 My Jesus, to thy Child impart,
 In ev'ry trying Hour :
 Reas'nings tormenting Thoughts prevent,
 Still keep my Eye on thee intent,
 Till Sight my Faith o'erpow'r.

H Y M N CXX.

last Hymn, all's.

A Sinner's last Shift.

SAVIOUR, canst thou love a Traitor?
 Canst thou love a Child of Wrath?
 Can a Hell deserving Creature
 Be the Purchase of thy Death?
 Is thy Blood so efficacious,
 As to make my Nature clean?
 Is thy Sacrifice so precious,
 As to free me from my Sin?

Sin on every Hand surrounds me;
 No Acquittance can I hear;
 Pangs of Unbelief confound me,
 Help me Lord my Grief to bear:
 Here then is my Resolution
 At thy dearest Feet to fall,
 Here I'll meet with Condemnation,
 Or a Freedom from my Thrall.

Now deny thy Grace and Mercy,
 If thou canst to wretched me,
 Lay aside thy Love and Pity,
 If thou canst, and let me die:
 If I meet with Condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same;
 If I meet with free Salvation,
 I will magnify thy Name.

H Y M N CXXI.

Olivers

I am the God of Abraham.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting Days,
 And God of Love;

JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !
By Earth and Heav'n confest ;
I bow and Bless the sacred Name,
For ever Bless'd.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme Command
From Earth I'd rise—and seek the Joya
At thy right Hand :
I'd all on Earth forsake,
Its Wisdom, Fame and Power ;
And Him my only Portion make
My Shield and Tower.

The God of Abr'ham praise,
Whose all-sufficient Grace
Shall Guide me all my happy Days
In all his Ways ;
He calls a Worm his Friend !
He calls himself my God !
And he shall Save me to the End,
Thro' Jesu's Blood.

He by Himself hath Sworn,
I on His Oath depend,
I shall on Eagle's Wings up-borne
To Heav'n ascend.
I shall behold his Face,
I shall his Power adore,
And sing the Wonders of his Grace
For Evermore.

Thivers PART THE SECOND.

Tho' Nature's Strength decay,
 And Earth and Hell withstand,
 To Canaan's Bounds I urge my Way,
 At his Command :
 The wat'ry Deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my View ;
 And thro' the howling Wilderness
 My Way pursue.

The goodly Land I see,
 With Peace and Plenty bless'd ;
 A Land of sacred Liberty,
 And endless Rest ;
 There Milk and Honey flow ;
 And Oil and Wine abound ;
 And Trees of Life for ever grow,
 With Mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 (Triumphant o'er the World and Sin)
 The Prince of Peace :
 On Sion's sacred Height
 His Kingdom still maintains ;
 And glorious with his Saints in Light
 For ever reigns.

He keeps his own secure,
 He guards them by his Side,
 Arrays in Garments white and pure
 His spotless Bride :
 With Streams of sacred Bliss,
 With Groves of living Joys——
 With all the Fruits of Paradise,
 He still supplies.

J. Olivers

PART THE THIRD.

Before the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand ;
 And tell the Wonders he hath done,
 Thro' all their Land :
 The list'ning Spheres attend,
 And swell the growing Fame ;
 And sing, in Songs which never end,
 The wond'rous NAME.

The God who reigns on high
 The great Arch-angels sing,
 And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
 "ALMIGHTY KING !
 "WHO WAS, AND IS, THE SAME ;
 "AND EVERMORE SHALL BE ;
 "JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM !
 "WE WORSHIP THEE."

Before the Saviour's Face
 The ransom'd Nations bow ;
 O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty Grace,
 For ever new :
 He shews his Prints of Love—
 They kindle—to a Flame !
 And sound, thro' all the Worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant Host
 Give Thanks to God on high ;
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry :
 Hail, *Abraham's* God—and *mine* !
 (I join the heav'nly Lays,)
 All Might and Majesty are Thine,
 And endless Praise.

no. 237 H Y M N CXXII.

I will sing of the Mercy of the LORD for ever.

THY Mercy, my God, is the Theme of my
Song,
The Joy of my Heart, and the Boast of my
Tongue :

Thy free Grace, alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my Affections, and bound my Soul fast.

Without thy sweet Mercy, I could not live here ;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter Despair :

But, thro' thy free Goodness, my Spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me, alive.

Whene'er I mistake, thy kind Mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my Sins
And, led by thy Spirit, to Jesus's Blood,
My Sorrows are dry'd, and my Strength is renew'd.

Thy Mercy is more than a Match for my Heart
Which wonders to feel its own Hardness depart :
Dissolv'd by thy Presence I fall to the Ground,
And weep to the Praise of the Mercy I found.

The doors of thy Mercy stand open all Day,
To the poor and the needy who knock by the Way:
Thy Mercy is endless, most tender, and free ;
No Sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me.

Dear Father, thy merciful Word is my all ;
Thy Promise supports me, when ready to fall :
When Enemies croud, to cause Doubt and Despair,
I conquer them all by thy Spirit of Prayer.

Thy Mercy in Jesus exempts me from Hell ;
Of thy Mercy I'll sing, of thy Mercy I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus my Friend, when he hung on the Tree,
That open'd the Channel of Mercy for me.

Great Father of Mercies, thy Goodness I own;
 And the Covenant-Love of thy crucify'd Son :
 All Praise to the Spirit, whose Whispers divine
 Seal Mercy, and Pardon, and Righteousness, *mine.*

H Y M N CXXIII.

*The Loss of CHRIST lamented, from the past
 Experience of his Love.*

MY Time, oh ye Daughters of Sion, did run
 Most sweetly and softly, when Christ was
 my Sun ;
 Thro' Darknes I fearless could walk by his Light,
 His Rays were my Comfort, his Shield was my
 might.

When Jesus was with me, by Day or by Night,
 Tho' Darknes was round me my Soul was still
 Light ;

My Joys and my Comforts enraptur'd my Mind,
 While under his Shadow I sweetly reclin'd.

What Time in Communion with Jesus I spent,
 'Twas Heaven all over where ever I went ;
 And oft when his Kindness I've felt on my Heart,
 In Raptures I pray'd, he would never depart.

His Mercy and Love was the Theme of my Song,
 To Praise and adore him the Joy of my Tongue :
 To talk of his Goodness my daily Delight,
 To think of his Kindness my Pleasure by Night.

But when He is absent, my Comforts are gone,
 My Heart is dejected and hard as a Stone ;
 Nor Nature or Creature delight can impart,
 Till Jesus return the Sole Joy of my Heart.

That e'er I should grieve thee my Lord and my
Lamb,
It vexes my Soul and o'erwhelms me with Shame;
The sweets of thy Favor, and Love felt before,
Restore my dear Jesus and leave me no more.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Before Sermon.

Toplady

SOURCE of Light and Pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy Truth to shine.
Lord, behold thy Servant stands;
Lo ! to Thee he lifts his Hands ;
Satisfy his Soul's Desire ;
Touch his Lip with holy Fire.

Ope thy Treasures ! so shall fall
Uction sweet on him, on All.
Till by Odours scatter'd round,
Christ Himself be trac'd and found.
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd Heart,
Rich in Peace and Joy depart.

H Y M N CXXV.

The Same.

DEarest Saviour help thy Servant,
To proclaim thy wondrous Love ?
O that every Soul here present
May thy Grace and Truth approve ;
Bless, O Bless us ; Bless O Bless us ;
Bless, O Bless us,
From thy Shining Courts above.

Now thy gracious Word invites us,
To partake thy Gospel-Feast ;
Let thy Spirit now unite us,
Each to Thee a willing Guest ;
O receive us, &c.
To thy glorious promis'd Rest.

Watts

H Y M N CXXVI.

FIRM as the Earth thy Gospel stands,
 My Lord, my Hope, my Trust :
 If I am found in Jesu's Hands,
 My Soul can ne'er be lost.

His Honour is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his Sheep ;
 All that his Heav'nly Father gave
 His Hands securely keep.

Nor Death nor Hell shall e'er remove,
 His Fav'rites from his Breast ;
 In the dear Bosom of his Love
 They *must* for ever rest.

J. Hart.

H Y M N CXXVII.

NOTHING but thy Blood, O Jesus,
 Can relieve us from our Smart ;
 Nothing else from Guilt release us ;
 Nothing else can melt the Heart.

Law and Terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone ;
 But a Sense of Blood-bought Pardon
 Soon dissolves a Heart of Stone.

Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
 How to mourn, and not despair.
 Let us, leaning on thy Merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in Pray'r.

Whatsoever Afflictions seize us,
 They shall profit, if not please :
 But defend, defend us, Jesus,
 From Security and Ease.

F I N I S

APPENDIX.

Watts

HYMN CXXVIII.

Electing Grace : or Saints beloved in Christ.
JESUS, we bless thy Father's Name ;
 Thy God and ours are both the same :
 What heav'nly Blessings from his Throne
 Flow down to Sinners thro' his Son ?

Christ be my first Elect, he said,
 Then chose our Souls in Christ our Head,
 Before he gave the Mountains birth,
 Or laid Foundations for the Earth.

Thus did eternal Love begin
 To raise us up from Death and Sin ;
 Our Characters were then decreed,
 Blameless in Love, a holy Seed.

Predestinated to be Sons,
 Born by Degrees, but chose at once ;
 A new regenerated Race,
 To praise the Glory of his Grace.

With Christ our Lord we share our Part
 In the Affections of his Heart,
 Nor shall our Souls be thence remov'd
 'Till he forgets his First-belov'd.

Watts

HYMN CXXIX.

The Pharisee and Publican.

BEHOLD how Sinners disagree,
 The Publican and Pharisee !
 One doth his Righteousness proclaim,
 The other owns his Guilt and Shame.

This Man at humble Distance stands,
And cries for Grace with lifted Hands;
That boldly rises near the Throne,
And talks of Duties he has done.

The Lord their different Language knows,
And different Answers he bestows;
The humble Soul with Grace he crowns,
Whilst on the Proud his Anger frowns.

Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no Merit of my own,
But plead the Suff'rings of thy Son.

H Y M N CXXX. Thy Kingdom come.

O H when shall we, supremely blest,
Enter into our glorious Rest!
Partake the Triumphs of the Sky,
And holy, holy, holy cry!

With all thy heav'nly Hosts, with all
Thy blessed Saints, we then shall fall,
And sing, in Ecstasy unknown,
And praise thee on thy dazzling Throne.

Watts

H Y M N CXXXI. Time and Eternity.

T HEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms we be.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense,
To walk this dangerous Road;
And when our Souls are taken hence,
May they be found with God!

Assure me, that my worthless Name
Is graven on thy Hands:

Shew me some Promise in thy Book,
Where my Salvation stands.

Howey. H Y M N CXXXII. The Same.

Since all the downward Traits of Time
God's watchful Eye surveys,
O? who so wise to choose our Lot,
And regulate our Ways?

Affure us of thy wond'rous Love
Unmeasurably kind
To his unerring, gracious Will
Be ev'ry With resign'd.

Good when he gives supremely Good,
Nor less, when he denies,
Ev'n Crosses, from his sov'reign Hand,
Are Blessings in Disguise.

OIn thy fair Book of Life divine,
My God inscribe my Name,
There let it fill some humble Place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

Thy Saints, while Ages roll away,
In endless Fame survive,
Their Glories, o'er the Wrongs of Time
Greatly triumphant, live.

W. Medley. H Y M N CXXXIII.

He has done all Things well: Mark vii. 37.

NOW in a Song of grateful Praise
To my dear Lord my Voice I'll raise,
With all his Saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

All Worlds his glorious Power confess,
His Wisdom all his Works exprefs;
But O his Love! what Tongue can tell!
My Jesus has done all Things well.

How sov'reign, wonderful and free,
Has been this Love to sinful Me !
This pluck'd me from the Jaw of Hell,
My Jesus has done all Things well.

I spurn'd his Grace, I broke his Laws;
And yet he undertook my Cause,
To save me, tho' I did rebell;
My Jesus has done all Things well.

And since my Soul has known his Love,
What Mercies has he made me prove !
Mercies which do all Praise excell;
My Jesus has done all Things well.

Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Has on me laid his gentle Rod;
I know in all that has befall,
My Jesus has done all Things well.

Tho' many a fiery flaming Dart
The Tempter levels at my Heart;
With this I all his Rage repell,
My Jesus has done all Things well.

Sometimes my Lord his Face does hide
To make me pray, or kill my Pride;
Yet then it on my Mind does dwell,
My Jesus has done all Things well.

Soon shall I pass the vail of Death,
And in his Arms shall lose my Breath;
Yet then my happy Soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all Things well.

And when to that bright World I rise,
And join the Anthems in the Skies;
Above the rest *this Note* shall swell,
My Jesus has done all Things well !

H Y M N CXXXIV. Look again, If. ii. 4.

SEE a poor Sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose Soul encourag'd by thy Word,
At Mercy's Footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.

How oft deceiv'd by Self and Pride
Has my poor Heart been turn'd aside,
And Jonah like has fled from thee,
Till thou hast look'd again on me.

Ah bring a wretched wanderer home,
And to thy Footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my Grief and Pain,
And wait and look, and look again.

Take Courage then, my trembling Soul,
One Look from Christ will make thee whole,
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait and look, and look again.

Do Satan's darts thy Soul molest?
Does dark desertion fill thy Breast?
Art thou almost with Sorrows slain?
Yet wait and look, and look again.

Do Fears and Doubts thy Soul annoy?
And thund'ring tempests drown thy Joy?
And canst thou not one Smile obtain?
Yet wait and look, and look again.

Look to the Lord, his Word, his Throne;
Look to his Grace, and not your own:
There wait and look, and look again;
You shall not wait, nor look in vain.

Ere long that happy Day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful Home;
And when to Glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again.

H Y M N CXXXV.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job xix. 23.

I Know that my Redeemer lives,
What Comfort this sweet Sentence gives!
He lives! he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everliving Head.

He lives triumphant from the Grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious in the Sky,
He lives exalted there on high.

He lives to bless me with his Love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry Soul to feed,
He lives to help in Time of Need.

He lives to grant me rich Supply,
He lives to guide me with his Eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my Soul's Complaint.

He lives to crush the Pow'rs of Hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell,
He lives to heal, and make me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble Soul.

He lives to silence all my Fears,
He lives to stop, and wipe my Tears,
He lives to calm my troubled Heart,
He lives all Blessings to impart.

He lives my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
He lives, and loves me to the End.
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my Prophet, Priest and King.

He lives and grants me daily Breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer Death.
He lives my Mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all Glory to his Name,
He lives my Jesus still the same;
O the sweet Joy this Sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

H Y M N. CXXXVI. Him. Acts. v. 42.

JOIN all who love the Saviour's Name,
And sing his everlasting Fame.
Great God prepare each Heart and Voice,
In Him for ever to rejoice.

Of Him what wondrous Things are told,
In Him what Glories I behold;
For Him I gladly, all Things leave,
To Him my Soul for ever cleave.

In Him my Treasure's all contain'd,
By Him my feeble Soul's sustain'd,
From Him all Things do receive,
Thro' Him my Soul does daily live.

With Him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my Soul delights to talk,
On Him I cast my ev'ry Care,
Like Him one Day I shall appear.

Bless Him my Soul from Day to Day,
Trust Him to bring thee on thy Way,
Give Him thy poor weak sinful Heart,
With Him O never, never part.

Take Him for Strength and Righteousness,
Make Him thy Refuge in Distress,
Love Him above all earthly Joy,
And Him in every Thing employ.

Praise Him in chearful, grateful Songs,
To Him your highest Praise belongs;
'Tis Him who does your Heav'n prepare,
And Him you'll praise for ever there.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

HAPPY the Man, to whom 'tis given,
To eat the Bread of Life in Heaven :
This Happiness in Christ we prove,
Who feast on his forgiving Love.

Wesley. DISMISSION.

OUR Lives, our Blood we here present,
If for thy Sake they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sov'reign Counsel, Lord,
Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd.

The Same.

GIve us thy Strength, thou God of Pow'r,
Then let Men scorn, and Satan roar,
Thy faithful Witnesses we'll be ;
'Tis fixt—we can do all through thee.

The Same.

MERCY, good Lord, Mercy I crave ;
This is the total Sum ;
For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,
Lord, let thy Mercy come.

The following Verse is sometimes sung as the
last Verse of the 48th Hymn, Page 40.

O May I bear an humble Part
In that immortal Song,
Wonder and Love should tune my Heart,
And Praise command my Tongue.

F I N I S.

